VOL. IV

THE CARDINAL

1911–1915

Sermons and Addresses

OF

HIS EMINENCE

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON

VOL. IV

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THE CARDINAL

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TRUE EDUCATION[1]

TRANSLATION FROM THE CARDINAL'S DIARY REGARDING HIS ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TOKIO ON NOVEMBER 18, 1905

At 5 P.M we drove over to the Y. M. C. A. building where a tremendous crowd, filling every nook, was gathered. We went immediately upon the platform and beheld before us a sea of human faces — all dark types — with restless black eyes, a crowd that was moving all the time.

Never before in the history of Tokio was such a crowd gathered to do honor to a Catholic. The speaking began. The student body had planned this reception and were present two thousand strong. A student spoke first and introduced the other speakers. He was a short, hairy young fellow, and he spoke Japanese with power and enthusiasm in a very shrill voice, bringing the audience to great applause at the close. He then introduced the Japanese priest, Father Maieda, who spoke three quarters of an hour about the Pope, and he was received enthusiastically. Then followed a professor of the Imperial University, Japanese and Buddhist, who presented an

[1] Address to the students of the University of Tokio.

oratorical thesis showing that Catholicism and authority were the foundations of society and ethics.

Next came a former member of Parliament from Yokohama, who speaking in a popular manner, a perfect master of himself and of his audience, quite carried them away. He smiled all the time, and his speech was interrupted by applause every few sentences.

Mr. Lloyd spoke in English.

Last came the Bishop, who, when he rose up in purple feriola and zuchetta, was greeted with a tremendous burst of applause. He read his address very slowly and with much force and dignity; every head was stretched forth in eagerness, and every eye was focused upon him, as if to understand each syllable.

The Mayor of Tokio, who was ill, sent an address to the Bishop which was read with much effect, and when it was all over, and the ex-member of Parliament called for cheers, a thunderous "Banzai" broke forth in triple roar. It was a moment to remember forever, to hear that explosion of enthusiasm which I have never heard equaled. It was nine o'clock when we rode out of the grounds of the hall amid other "Banzais," after four hours' reception to the Pope's Envoy.

SERMO, QUEM AD ALUMNOS UNIVERSITATIS TOKIENSIS, HABUIT ILL^{mus} ET REV^{mus} LEGATUS PONTIFICIUS, DIE 18° NOVEMBRIS, ANNO 1905

Olim dixit philosophus quidam non mediocris fàmae; educatio juvenum est quasi lapis angularis aedificii societatis. Et quidem, si res bene consideretur, ratio probat dictum. Societas, vel potius natio, sine viris diu existere non potest. Dixi — sine viris, non hominibus; quia,

sicuti jam scitis, alia et diversa est illorum verborum significatio, nam homo quidem ex natura provenit; vir autem est homo educatione perfectus.

Potens natio nascitur, crescit et conservatur virorum actione et co-operatione. Ex historia humani generis patet quod ad stabilitatem et perpetuitatem cujusvis nationis, homines tantum non sufficiunt; viri autem requiruntur. Viri iterum atque iterum dico, id est, homines induti non solum intellectus acumine et scientiae dotibus, sed multo magis iis virtutibus moralibus quibus homo perficitur.

Re quidem vera nemo non dubitat quin intellectus solus per se non perficiat hominem, nec mera scientia liberat hominem ex ejus infirmitate. Quis inter nos ignorat, exempli gratia, doctum quidem vilem esse posse? vel traditorem vel reum? Inde patet instructionem tantum mentis minime tendere per se ad talem hominis formationem qualem nationis soliditas exigit. Animam hominis, id est, voluntatem et intellectum, nulla separatione facta, oportet erudire, ut totus homo assequi possit finem ad quem destinatur, quia vita non est mera contemplatio veritatis, sed multo magis actio secundum veritatem; non speculatio sola sed actio vita est. Operatio revera, secundum philosophum, sequitur intellectum. Et ut actio bona et digna sit, oportet principia quae imperant actibus, vera et recta esse. Qui veritatem cognoscunt et bonitatem assequntur, hi sunt qui constituunt robur et soliditatem nationis.

Qui igitur ad praeclarum munus docendi juvenes se voverit, debet prae oculis semper habere indolem et naturam totius hominis, ejus duplicem characterem, mentis scilicet et cordis; intellectus et sensuum, et ita educare discipulum, ut intellectus voluntati quid faciendum

indicet, et voluntas appetat id quod apprehenditur ut vere bonum. Hujusmodi educatio vera efformabit ex puero non solum hominem sed virum, et viri hujusmodi formationis perficient totam societatem vel nationem.

Civitas quando in periculo versatur virum quaerit qui scientia et virtute calamitatem avertere potest; si hostis ad moenia fremit oculi omnium quaerunt virum fortem, qui non solum doctus est in re militari, sed insuper non haesitat lanceis inimici sese exponere.

Ille miles solummodo, qui non solum scientia praeditus sed multo magis magno patriae amore ductus, rem publicam salvam facere potest. Si civitas morbo periclitatur populus auxilium implorat illius qui non solum medicinae scientiae expertus est, sed doctrinae devotionem conjungit quae pro bono publico sese periculo contagionis exponere impellit.

Liquet igitur quod ad munus magisterii bene pleneque fungendum non sufficit sola instructio mentis. Quid prodest civitati quod cives motionem solis et stellarum bene sciverint si motiones suorum cordium scilicet passiones malas moderari et reprimere nesciverint?

Parum juvat cives leges naturae cognoscere, si leges civitatis violent; melius esset minus sapere et rectius agere.

Quid prodest nationi si cives quantumvis docti sint, voluptatibus vacent, vel si honores plusquam honorem quaerant? Quid prodest ambitio sine amore patriae? Quid divitiae sine honestate? Qui autem fidem, virtutem, obedientiam et reverentiam erga regem et leges colunt, hi sunt qui decus et ornamentum patriae fiunt.

Ex historia hujus nationis, praesertim recentioris temporis, patet quod hi qui officium magistri functi sunt bene quidem laboraverunt; fructus enim indicat qualitatem operis. Japonia paucis abhinc annis quasi incog-

nita fuit; hodie inter status maximae potestatis enumeratur. Si ratio quaeratur hujus mutationis invenitur in hoc quod sub impulsu augustissimi Imperatoris populus studio, patientia diligentiaque sese praeparabat pro necessitatibus mutatae conditionis.

Et nemo dubitare potest quod primi inter eos qui nationem ad praesentis gloriae apicem duxerunt, magistri juventutis habendi sunt. Japoniae milites terra marique victoriam tulerunt, et vox totius orbis terrarum intrepiditatem Japonicam plausu acclamat. Haec autem victoria non solum armis, verum etiam magistrorum laboribus tribuenda est quia virtus quae in praelio vicit in disciplina scholae fontem habuit. Victoria fuit magisterii Japonici quod viros, non homines simpliciter, educaverat.

Nunc regnat pax et iterum cives artes pacificas colunt. Nunc munus magistri eo majoris momenti est quo magis crescit in dies progressus nationis. Ut magister officium suum digne fungi posset, diligentius oportet laborare ut pari passu nationis decus foris, domi robur progrediantur.

Ne multiplicibus systematibus confundemini; facta experientia melioris in illo sistatis; novitas per se rem non commendat. Multa quae nova sunt falsa sunt, vel saltem dubia. Oportet ita seligere ut indoli nationis et characteri populi instructio accomodetur, ita ut dum ad vitam ampliorem juvenes praeparantur illa morum gentilitas qua natio ista distinguitur non pereat sed perduret et florescat. Fascinatio nugacitatis obscurat bona et vita moderna non in omnibus praecellens est. Tenete bona quae habetis et sapientiae antiquitatis adjungatis scientiam aetate probatam. Inculcate simul cum veritate bonitatem.

Fiant magistri scholarum illi tantummodo qui vocatione nobili, non turpis lucri gratia ad munus attrahuntur.

Vita magistri sit discipulis exemplum ut dum ore instruit moribus doceat. Patiens sit ut fructus patientiae metiri possit. Firmitatem et benevolentiam simul colat. Dignitatem sui muneris semper consideret ut alii eum non contemnent. Laboret non pro hora fugaci sed pro futuro aeterno: sic erit inter cives tamquam omnium benefactor, discipuli, familiae, nationis.

TRANSLATION

Once a philosopher of no small reputation said that the education of young people is as a cornerstone of the building of society. And, indeed, if the matter is well considered, reason approves the expression. Society, or rather the nation, cannot exist for long without men. I said without men, not simply human beings; because, as you now know, the meaning of those words is different and opposite, for a human being comes into the world only by birth; a *man*, however, is a human being perfected by means of education.

A strong nation is founded, grows, and is maintained by the deeds and coöperation of men. From the history of the human race it is evident that human beings only are not sufficient for the stability and permanence of any nation whatever; men are required. I say men repeatedly, that is, human beings endowed not only with quickness of mind and qualities of expertness, but much more with those moral traits by which a human being is perfected.

Truly no one can doubt that intellect alone does not of itself complete the human being, or that mere knowledge does not free a human being of his lack of principle. Who among us does not know, for example, that a learned

man can be, indeed, most despicable? either a traitor or a criminal? From this it is evident that the training only of the mind does not of itself tend toward such moulding of a human being as the permanence of the nation demands. The soul of man, that is, the will and intellect, taken together, ought to be educated, in order that the whole man may be able to attain the end toward which he is striving, because life is not merely a study of truth, but much more, the action following truth; life is not only speculation, but action. Assuredly work, according to the philosopher, accompanies knowledge. And in order that action may be good and worthy, the principles which dictate the actions ought to be sincere and upright. Those who recognize the truth and follow goodness are the ones who establish the strength and stability of the nation.

Therefore, he who nobly devotes himself to the work of teaching the young ought always to have before his eyes the natural abilities and character of man as a whole, his twofold nature, namely, of his mind and heart; to educate the intellect and feelings, and so educate the pupil that the intellect may point out to the will what should be done, and that the will may desire that which is understood as a real good. Genuine education of this kind trains from boyhood not only the human being, but the man, and men of such fashioning benefit the whole of society or a nation.

When a state is in danger it looks for the man who is able to avert calamity with skill and courage; if the enemy rage at the walls, the eyes of all seek the strong man, who is not only skilled in military affairs, but moreover does not hesitate to expose himself to the assaults of the enemy. That soldier alone is able to save the state

who is not only possessed of skill, but much more, who is led by a great love of his country. If the state is endangered by an epidemic, the people implore the assistance of the man who is not only skilled in medical science, but who combines with it a devotion to his profession which urges him to expose himself to the danger of contagion for the good of his fellow men.

It is evident, then, that the training of the mind alone is not sufficient for performing the services of a teacher of youth, well and to the full. What does it profit a state that its inhabitants have learned the motions of the sun and stars if they do not know how to regulate the motions of their own hearts and restrain their evil passions?

It is of little use for a people to know the laws of nature if they violate the laws of their country; it would be better to know less and act more nobly.

What does it profit a nation if its people are as cultured as one could wish if they are immersed in pleasures, or if they seek honors rather than honor? Of what benefit is ambition without love of country? Riches without honesty? Those, however, who cultivate fidelity, courage, obedience, and reverence towards their ruler and the laws are the pride and ornament of their country.

From the history of this nation, especially in recent times, it is evident that those who have filled the office of instructor have indeed labored well; for results reveal the quality of the work. Japan was almost unknown a few years ago; to-day she is numbered among the greatest powers. The reason will be found in this, that through the influence of the most august Emperor the people prepared themselves by their zeal, patience, and diligence for the needs of a changed condition.

No one can doubt that the first among them who led the nation to the height of its present glory have been the instructors of the youth. The soldiers of Japan have won victory on land and sea, and the voice of the whole world honors with applause Japanese fearlessness. However, this victory is to be credited not only to warlike deeds, but also to the efforts of the instructors, because the courage which conquers in battle has had its source in the instruction of the school. The victory belonged to the Japanese teacher because he had educated men, not human beings simply.

Now peace reigns, and again the people are cultivating peaceful occupations. At this time the office of teacher increases in importance according to the progress the nation makes day by day. In order that the teacher may be able to discharge his duties worthily, he ought to work diligently so that the honor of his country abroad and the strength at home may increase equally.

Let us not be confused by numerous systems; having found the best one, retain it; novelty of itself commends nothing. Many things which are new are false, or at least doubtful. The instruction ought to be selected in such a way that it may be adapted to the spirit of the nation and the character of the people, so that, while the young are preparing for a fuller life, those customs, by which this nation is distinguished, be not destroyed, but continue and flourish. Fondness for trifles obscures the good, and modern life is not excellent in all things. Hold to the good that you possess, and to the wisdom of the past add the knowledge of the present. Inculcate goodness and truth.

Let only those become teachers who are drawn to the work by a noble calling, not for the sake of gain. Let

the life of the instructor of the school be an example to his pupil so that while he instructs by mouth he is teaching by conduct. Let him be patient so that he may reap the fruit of patience. Let him cultivate firmness and kindness. Let him always think of the dignity of his position, that others may not treat him with contempt. Let him work not for the fleeting hour, but for the eternal future; thus among the people he will be held as the benefactor of all, — of the pupil, of the family, of the nation.

GRATITUDINE VERSO IL SANTO PADRE[1]

Col cuore traboccante di gratitudine verso il Sommo Pontefice, nostro Santo Padre Pio X, per questo speciale segno della sua stima ed affezione io accetto dalle vostre mani questo biglietto ufficiale avvisandomi della mia elevazione alla Sacra Porpora Cardinalizia.

Io ringrazio il Signore per tutte le sue infinite e tenere misericordie e che non ostante i miei demeriti si è degnato rivolgere sopra di me ed elevare l' umile suo servo fra i principi della sua Chiesa.

Tutte le posizioni di onore e di fiducia da me occupate nella Chiesa vennero in una maniera speciale dalla munificenza di Roma e dei suoi Pontefici ed il debito di gratitudine ch' io debbo alla Santa Sede per i suoi costanti favori e generosità verso la mia umile persona è gia cosi grande che non si può adeguatamente esprimere. Ma adesso questa culminante manifestazione della sua confidenza e del suo favore mi riempie coi sentimenti di ringraziamento e di affetto troppo sacri e profondi per esprimere in semplici parole.

Questo soltanto m' è dato dire che con tutto il cuore e con tutta l' anima io ringrazio l' amantissimo Santo Padre Pio X per l' altissimo e singolare onore che Egli s' è degnato conferire su me e per mezzo del suo umile figlio su Boston e su l' intera Provincia di Nuova Inghilterra, e prometto solennemente il mio più costante attaccamento

[1] Nell' occasione della presentazione del biglietto Pontificio, Collegio Americano del Nord, Roma, il 27 Novembre, 1911.

e devozione e la più forte e più profonda lealtà di Boston e di Nuova Inghilterra alla Santa Sede.

Inoltre io voglio assicurare Sua Santità per mezzo vostro che Boston e tutta Nuova Inghilterra sente e riconosce profondamente l' atto munificentissimo di Sua Santità ed apprezza sinceramente il grande onore il quale ha commosso l' intimo dei cuori dei Cattolici e perfino dei Protestanti di Boston e di Nuova Inghilterra.

Le manifestazioni di gratitudine alla Santa Sede da parte di ogni classe sociale sono state meravigliose e in numero e in intensità; e la folla enorme che si accavalcava sulle banchine al momento della mia partenza per darmi il Buon Viaggio fu una scena che rimarrà per sempre impressa indelibilmente nella mia mente.

Essa emulava in ardore i primi Cristiani di Mileto che vennero giù alla spiaggia a salutare l' Apostolo dei gentili nell' atto d' imbarcarsi; e la loro fede ed affetto fece traboccare il mio cuore perchè io ben sapeva che questa stupenda manifestazione di lealtà ed attaccamento, benchè a me dato, dimostrava in pari tempo ed in più larga misura la devozione del popolo alla Santa Sede e il loro sentimento di profonda gioia per il favore speciale che il cuore benigno di Pio X aveva conferito su loro stessi.

Accettate dunque la mia più profonda gratitudine per questo supremo segno di onore venutomi dalla Santa Sede ed insieme alle mie povere grazie il forte, constante e leale attaccamento alla Santa Sede di Pietro ed al Santo Padre Pio X del popolo di Boston e di Nuova Inghilterra.

TRANSLATION

With a heart overflowing with gratitude to the Supreme Pontiff, our Holy Father Pius X for this special sign of his esteem and affection, I accept from your hands this official notice advising me of my elevation to the Sacred Purple of the Cardinalate.

I thank the Lord for all His infinite and tender mercies, and that, notwithstanding my demerits, He has deigned to turn toward me, and to elevate His humble servant among the princes of the Church.

All the positions of honor and of trust that I have occupied in the Church have come in a special manner from the munificence of Rome and of its sovereign Pontiffs; and the debt of gratitude that I owe the Holy See for its constant favors and generosity to my humble person is already so great that I cannot adequately express it. But now this culminating manifestation of its confidence and its favor fills me with sentiments of gratitude and affection too sacred and deep for expression in simple words.

Only this is given me to say, — that with all my heart, and with all my soul, I return thanks to the most loving Holy Father Pius X, for the highest and singular honor that he has deigned to confer on me, and, by means of his humble son, on Boston and on the entire province of New England; and I solemnly promise more constant attachment and devotion, as well as stronger and more profound loyalty, to the Holy See from Boston and New England.

Moreover, I desire to assure His Holiness through you that Boston and all New England feel and acknowledge profoundly His Holiness' most munificent deed, and

appreciate sincerely the great honor which has so deeply moved the hearts of the Catholics, and even of the Protestants, of Boston and New England.

The manifestations of gratitude to the Holy See on the part of all social classes have been marvelous both in number and in intensity; and the enormous crowd that filled the sidewalks at the time of my departure, to wish me "bon voyage," made a scene that will always be indelibly impressed in my memory.

They rivaled in ardor the first Christians of Miletus, who came down to the shore to salute the Apostle of the Gentiles in the act of embarking; and their faith and affection filled my heart to overflowing, for I well knew that this stupendous manifestation of affection and loyalty, though offered to me, showed at the same time, and in much larger measure, the devotion of the people to the Holy See and their sentiment of profound joy for the special favor that the benignant heart of Pius X had conferred on them also.

Accept, then, my most profound gratitude for this supreme token of honor sent me from the Holy See, and with all my poor thanks the strong, loyal, and constant attachment to the Holy See of Peter, and to the Holy Father Pius X, of the people of Boston and of New England.

IL TITOLO DI SAN CLEMENTE[1]

Io ringrazio il Santo Padre per avermi assegnato questa storica chiesa, che porta il nome del terzo successore di San Pietro e che dal suo vero principio attraverso i secoli fu intimamente connessa coi Romani Pontefici.

Su questo stesso luogo fu la casa di Clemente che, fabbricata al tempo della vecchia repubblica Romana divenne nei primi anni del Cristianesimo un oratorio dove era celebrato il grande Mistero Cristiano. San Pietro, il principe degli Apostoli, e San Paolo, l' apostolo dei gentili, a cui i Romani debbono la loro conversione alla fede, vennero ed offersero qui il Santo Sacrificio. L' oratorio sottostante, ricordante i tempi di San Pietro, la chiesa sotterranea che data dai tempi di pace inaugurati da Costantino, e questa stessa chiesa fabbricata nell' undecimo secolo costituiscono una catena costante di testimonianze della non interrotta continuità della lunga linea dei successori di San Pietro e della chiesa ch' essi governarono.

Io son felice inoltre di essere associato in questa occasione coi Domenicani Irlandesi che per circa trecento anni hanno avuto in custodia questa chiesa, annello di congiunzione in questa Eterna Città fra Roma e la sempre fedele Cattolica Irlanda.

Io sono perciò profondamente grato al Santo Padre per avermi assegnato questo storico titolo. Le parole

[1] On taking possession of his title, St. Clement's, Rome, December 8, 1911.

sono inadequate ad esprimere la mia profonda gratitudine. Quindi io supplico tutti voi presenti ad innalzare ferventi preci all' Altissimo per ottenermi la divina assistenza così necessaria a chi è chiamato all' alta responsabilità del Cardinalato.

TRANSLATION

I thank the Holy Father for having assigned to me this historic church, that bears the name of the third successor of St. Peter, and that from the very beginning has been intimately connected, throughout the centuries, with the Roman Pontiffs.

On this very spot was the house of Clement, which, built in the time of the early Roman republic, became in the first years of Christianity an oratory where were celebrated the great Christian Mysteries. St. Peter, the chief of the Apostles, and St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, to whom the Romans owe their conversion to the faith, came here and offered the Holy Sacrifice. The oratory below, keeping in memory the times of St. Peter, the subterranean church that dates from the times of the peace inaugurated by Constantine, and this church itself, built in the eleventh century, form an unbroken chain of evidences of the uninterrupted continuity of the long line of the successors of St. Peter and of the church that they have governed.

I am glad, too, to be associated on this occasion with Irish Dominicans, who have been, for some three hundred years, custodians of this church, — a bond of union in this Eternal City between Rome and the ever faithful Ireland.

I am therefore profoundly grateful to the Holy Father for assigning me this historic title. Words are inadequate

to express my profound gratitude. Hence I ask all you who are present to raise fervent prayers to the Highest, to obtain for me the divine assistance so necessary for one called to the high responsibility of the Cardinalate.

A PRECIOUS HERITAGE[1]

I DESIRE first of all to express my sense of deep gratitude to the Holy Father for assigning to me this historic church as my titular possession, in this predestined and holy city. I wish also to make known the great pleasure which I feel to-day in being associated with the Irish Dominicans, who for almost three centuries have offered up to God the Holy Sacrifice on these altars, and who within these hallowed precincts have prepared their young Levites for the glorious mission of spreading throughout the world the indomitable Irish faith which in storm as in times of peace has never wavered.

The Holy Father, with a benignity the extent of which quite overwhelms me, has done me many favors, and my heart is already too full to find any words adequately to express my feelings. But I do trust that I appreciate the meaning of his paternal act in placing in my hands this historic Roman church hallowed by sacred memories, reaching back to the very days of the Apostles, and summing up in its primitive and later history two great potent facts in the religious life of the world: the undying vitality and power of the Roman See of Peter, and the invincible faith of the Irish people and their descendants, always marked by close union and attachment to the Holy See.

For we are standing on holy ground. On this very spot stood the house of Clement, the third successor of St.

[1] On taking possession of his titular church in Rome, San Clemente, December 8, 1911.

Peter in the Roman Pontificate. Built in the days of the old Roman Republic, it became in the earliest ages of Christianity an oratory where was celebrated the great Christian mystery. St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, to both of whom the Romans owe their vocation to the faith, stood in this very place and offered up the Holy Sacrifice.

This hallowed spot is indissolubly bound up with the beginnings of Christianity, and the inception of the world-wide jurisdiction of the See of Peter in this metropolis of the nations. Its underground oratory reaching back to the days of Peter, its underground church dating back to the times of peace brought in by Constantine, and this upper church built in the eleventh century constitute a chain of witnesses to the unbroken continuity of the long line of Peter's successors and of the Church over which they ruled.

Its precious treasures, the body of Clement, one of the many martyred Roman Pontiffs, and the body of Methodius, one of the two brothers who brought within the pale of the Church the Slav nations, bear testimony to the fertile life of the Church from its very beginning, which has ever been nourished by the blood of its heroic children and expanded by the apostolic labors of its dauntless missionaries, who have Christianized and civilized the barbaric hordes of the earth, and made of them strong, law-abiding, and God-adoring peoples.

The time is altogether too short to point out the mighty lessons which the history of this ancient church conveys. I can only barely touch a salient phase or two of its life and indicate the general drift of its illustrious career.

And now for almost three hundred years it has been in the care of the Irish Dominicans, a connecting link

in this Eternal City between Rome and ever faithful, Catholic Ireland. Catholic and Roman have ever been the cherished inheritance of her children from the days when Patrick, commissioned by Rome, traversed her soil and evangelized to the Christian faith her steadfast people.

The treasure of the faith placed in the keeping of this nation by her glorious Apostle St. Patrick has not been a talent buried in the ground. It has fructified a hundred- and a thousand-fold. Out into the four quarters of the globe her missionaries have gone, bearing with them everywhere the same constancy of faith and loyalty to the See of Peter which were engrafted upon this people by their first Apostle.

In the dark days when barbaric hordes overran the countries of Continental Europe, extinguishing in their destructive march the torch of truth and learning, out from the Island of Saints came forth the heroic Irish missionaries, and to-day along the banks of the Rhine and by the lakes of Switzerland, and even here in this chosen land of Italy, the name of many an Irish saint is held in benediction, and a church stands as a perpetual remembrance of his labors for the faith in days when apostolic zeal alone could repair the damage done by Goths and Vandals.

And to-day in the great countries of the Western world, in the spacious islands under the Southern Cross, and in the vast possessions of the Orient the Irish, and their descendants, have founded mighty churches, and still conserve the steadfastness of the faith of their forefathers and absolute fidelity to the Roman See. And if to-day in all the great English-speaking countries of the world there is a loyalty to the Holy See exquisite in its sensitiveness and beautiful to behold, this is due in great

measure to the vigorous and constant faith of the Irish people, who maintain always, in weal and in woe, the character impressed upon them by their illustrious Apostle, "Sicut et Catholici, ita et Romani."

In these modern days it is within the memory of men who are yet living that the great Liberator of the Irish people when he saw the end of his days approaching set out on a pilgrimage to this Eternal City to lay at the feet of the Father of Christendom his life and labors, and to testify before the world his absolute submission to the one power on earth which he cherished above all others.

One last thought occurs to me in this holy place. In this church in the fifth century the heresy of Pelagius, which held out for the sufficiency of man in things spiritual as well as natural, was condemned by a council sitting under Pope Zosimus. It is the heresy of the world to-day. Men seek to map out a scheme of life for themselves, trusting solely to the resources of natural reason, and ignoring the spiritual power founded by Christ and inherent in the See of Peter. The makers of new religions and new moralities abound and claim all the glory which belongs to a real modern discovery. This church is a standing witness of the hollowness of these pretensions. There is nothing new in these so-called inventions. Fundamentally and substantially they were all condemned in this place fifteen centuries ago.

This church, with the historic associations that gather around it, is a constant bulwark against the subterfuges of the men of the modern world who, disdaining the one spiritual power on earth, fall an easy prey to the tricks of their own reason. Misguided and mistaken, they seek to press forward their fanciful theories of life with the ardor and zeal of the Apostles.

The nations can be saved from their wiles in only one way, and that is by following closely after the two great lessons to which this church bears witness: absolute attachment to Christ's Vicar on earth, the one legitimate possessor of the plenitude of spiritual power, and steadfastness in the faith of Christ, as exemplified by the constant and faithful Irish people. When men will learn to appreciate that the Catholic faith is the treasure beyond all price, given to them by a merciful Redeemer, and that its supreme exponent is by divine appointment the Roman Pontiff, mere theories concerning this present life and the future beyond will appear as dross, the vain imaginings of weak and wayward minds.

It is because this church stands for these two potent facts of the religious life — the supremacy of the Holy See and the invincible character of the Catholic faith — that I am profoundly grateful to the Holy Father for assigning to me this title.

It will be an added inspiration in my life to work for the Church's highest interests. Its mighty lessons will be ever before my mind to bind me more closely and affectionately to the Holy See and Christ's Vicar, and to inspire me to walk constantly with undaunted faith in the footsteps of my steadfast Irish forefathers.

THE POWER OF THE PAPACY[1]

GREAT emotions leave little room for words. And surely during the past two months no one can doubt that the people of this community have been deeply stirred. Indeed, not only the Catholics of America, but those of nearly every country in the Christian world, have felt the thrill of an overpowering sentiment grasping in its spell, a heart of whole nations. Not the news of great battles, not the clamor of victorious arms, gave origin and birth to all this widespread interest. No triumphant general surrounded by conquering hosts climbs the Capitoline in regal triumph.

The Rome of the Cæsars has passed, and no more the Capitoline, but the Vatican, is the seat of universal sway. Upon that hill twenty centuries ago the Prince of the Apostles, Peter, died for Christ, whose vicar on earth he was; and from that day all power that is Christian or of Christ has emanated from that sacred spot. There Linus and Cletus and Clement sat and ruled the Christian world; and there, through all the centuries that have passed since Constantine, the Popes have held universal sovereignty.

Empires have risen and fallen and crumbled into oblivion. The very habitations of the Cæsars are but ruins; but the throne of the fisherman now as then, nay, now more than ever before, stands firm as the rock upon which Christ built His Church, impregnable, Eternal. Thither,

[1] Sermon at the Cathedral at his first public appearance after returning from Rome, where he had received the Red Hat, Thursday, February 1, 1912.

from every part of the civilized and uncivilized world, go up not generals and war lords for the victor's crown, but the consecrated ministers of Christ's great army of peace, for counsel and the secrets of wise government; and thence strengthened and fortified they go out to the very ends of the earth, cross in hand, and Christ in heart, to win humanity back to God's affection and Christ's eternal promises.

Whether Peter or Clement or Hildebrand or Leo or the saintly Pius sat upon that throne, the power varied not with the men who wielded it in Christ's name. Throughout the varying ages Pope succeeded Pope, differing, as men must differ, in quality and temperament; but whoever held Peter's place in the Church was acknowledged throughout the whole Christian world as the unfailing guide of all moral and spiritual life, as sovereign supreme over all earthly powers whatever their origin or their limitations, even as the life of the soul is inexpressibly superior to all material existence. "All power is given to me," said Christ, "in heaven and in earth." And to the Apostles with Peter at their head, and to Peter's successors for all times, he added, "Going therefore, teach ye all nations; . . . Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

This universal kingdom, Christ's Catholic Church, knows in its spiritual allegiance no other limitations of time and space save those which Christ gave it in the beginning. It is world-wide and eternal; its center is the Vatican mount; its confines are the limits of the earth; its subjects are the people of all nations, and its end is eternity itself. No wonder, then, when Peter's successor speaks the whole world listens. Never during all these twenty centuries has Rome's Pontiff exercised sovereign

action, that the world is not stirred to interest; and now when Pius has called many sons of varied nationalities and civil allegiance to a seat among the princes of his people, when he has invited them to share in the responsibilities and the glory of his kingdom, when as a sign of the splendor of their rank he clothes them with the sacred purple, symbol alike of suffering and of glory, the children of the Church, and indeed even those not of the household of the faith, recognize another act of Rome's Sovereign power, and pour out their approbation and applause.

Now for the first time in all history the chief Pastor of this Province and this Diocese shares in that glory; a glory which is yours, beloved Children in Christ, as much as it is his. Surely Boston may well feel complacency in the place she has won among the municipalities of this continent during the brief space of her history. Are we not all justly proud of the preëminence accorded her throughout America, which the fine intellect of her notable sons has won for her, in the world of art and letters?

The names of Longfellow and Hawthorne and Lowell are written in gold in the tablets of this nation's story. In a large sense these were all Boston's pride. Painting and architecture and history have all been cultivated here as in no other community of this nation. While this city and commonwealth could point to such achievements in the nobler life of humanity, Boston cared little for the mere dross of greater numbers or purely commercial preeminence. Mind is always more than figures and money; but now she can lay claim to higher and nobler title, and one recognized not here alone, but fully acknowledged throughout the Christian world, and even by Sovereign Rome itself.

This is the day of our greatest pride, for it is the day of spiritual preëminence, and the seal of this world's greatness has been set upon this city by the munificent act of Pius the Tenth in making this See the seat of government of a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

The power of the Papacy has ever stood for the highest ideals of humanity. In days of tyranny it was the Popes who were the champions of the people and of popular rights. Again and again they have withstood Cæsar to the face and thwarted his insatiable greed and ambition. When the poor had no defender, the Popes and the Church were their protectors. When the nations thought of nothing else but the bitterness of warfare, the Popes saved Europe by planting and sustaining the great universities. By their influence warring tribes were converted into peaceful nations, and the barbarian hordes in the north were taught civilization and government. They have ever stood against the degeneracy of man; for the sacredness of the family, the wife, and the mother.

The Church has, like St. Paul, suffered imprisonment and trials and poverty and stripes, but ever and always has her voice been raised in the name of Christ against all tyranny of spirit; and whether that tyranny was represented by Alaric or Barbarossa, by Napoleon or the *bloc* in France, or by the mob in Portugal, firmly and unfearingly she has faced them all in turn with her eternal "Non possumus," and she has conquered them all. Each in turn has had his little hour of seeming victory, but over their ashes the triumph of Christ ruled again, and the world was often saved from itself by her firmness and divine stability. Government is her very birthright. She often tolerates with a smile of patience the whimsical vagaries of those who strut their little hour upon the

stage of empire, but she, being eternal, knows how to wait till truth and justice reign. To be the humblest subject of such a sublime, religious, world-wide, imperial power is immeasurably greater than the glory which the ancient Roman felt in his Roman citizenship. To be a prince in such a kingdom is to be greater than a king.

In this spirit I humbly and gratefully accept this day the tribute of your heartfelt affection, and placing it here upon God's altar, I offer it with all the dignities and honors which have come to me in your service, and by your merits, to Him whence all good things descend. Surely the Giver of all good gifts has been lavish in His favors.

My American citizenship I prize as one of God's choicest gifts to me, — mine to honor with the best that is in me, and to defend with my last breath. My Roman priesthood, the dignity of Bishop and of Cardinal, my Roman faith, demand my devoted attachment while life lasts to Peter's See.

Surely Rome and America both have been unstinted in their munificence, and I in turn am Roman to the core in spiritual allegiance and attachment, as I am, and ever shall be, American through and through in patriotic devotion to my own, my native land; and of those who would quibble about divided affection, I would ask when was it forbidden to any good son to love according to their merits, with all the fullness of his heart's love, both mother and father?

Beloved children and fellow citizens alike, I return to you with the same purpose which I have ever had before my eyes in my sacred ministry, to give to you such poor things as I have to offer in your service; the feeble efforts of my intellect and heart will be henceforth, as hitherto, spent for your profit and advancement, religiously

and civilly; and in return I only ask that which already I have so generously received, your loyal coöperation in the work equally before us all; and if, out of our united efforts by God's favor and blessing, good comes to this city and to this See of Boston, to God be all the glory, "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam."

THE BISHOP'S CONSOLATION[1]

Toast to the Holy Father

BELOVED PRIESTS — I offer the first toast of this happy and historic occasion to Him who holds the first place in our hearts, —

To the Vicar of Christ,

To the Chief Pastor of Christ's flock,

To the great Restorer in Christ,

To the Pontiff whose munificence to our diocese will remain a grateful memory for all generations,

To my greatest and best friend on earth, my Father and yours,

To Pius the Tenth gloriously reigning.

Long live the Pope. Vivat! Vivat! Vivat!

I rejoice that on this occasion I behold the happy union of two events which are dearest to the heart of every Christian Bishop, — the highest possible approbation upon his work given unstintedly by the Vicar of Christ himself, joined with the chorus of affectionate congratulations on the part of the Clergy of the Diocese.

There are two goals in life toward which the work of a bishop naturally tends. He needs every day of his life to feel that whatever he does has the approval of the Holy See. His office as Bishop of the Church is so momentous and so fraught with such enormous consequences not merely for the present, but in a certain sense for all

[1] Priests' banquet, Hotel Somerset, Monday, February 5, 1912.

time, that his own opinion or judgment of what he does or does not do is relatively insignificant. For the flock is not his, but Christ's, and neither his mind, nor heart, nor conscience can rest tranquilly unless he feels in perfect union and absolute concord with the mind and heart of Him who rules the whole Church.

The mere suspicion of any other sentiment in the mind or heart of a bishop is criminal in the highest degree, and the presence of such a disjointed and egoistic vanity in the régime of any Catholic prelate has often wrought havoc in a whole province and, indeed, in a whole country. The very universality of the Church demands the most absolute unity; and no bishop, whatever may be the apparent holiness of his life, can be other than a renegade and traitor to his office who harbors even for a day the conceit that he is independent in his rule, or, indeed, that he may, with impunity, toy with the cord which binds every See in the Christian world to Rome, the center of all spiritual authority.

Thank God my early training and my whole life's experience have only constantly strengthened that conviction of faith, and to-day, in my fifty-second year as a Catholic, after twenty-five years of priesthood, and eleven as a bishop, through sheer and absolute conviction, my filial devotion to the head of the Church has full possession of my mind and heart as the only defensible ground upon which to think or act in relation to my duty toward my Clergy and my people.

If to-day I were called upon to say why Christ's Vicar has lavished upon me so many and so great proofs of his affection and regard, the only answer I could give is this, that he has read the most secret motives of my heart and soul, the one mainspring which has guided me in all I

have done or attempted to do, namely, the most simple and implicit confidence in the guidance of Peter's Successor, and the most absolute determination, so far as in me lay, to model my régime as a Christian bishop along the lines of his slightest wish in whatever concerned faith or morals, or the discipline of ecclesiastical life.

In this connection let me say that I have never feared misunderstanding or criticism on the part of those who felt less than I did the urgent necessity, especially in this new country, of this perfect accord and entente between Pope and Bishop. I am well enough acquainted with men and events to realize that in every Christian land there are those who seem incapable of beholding anything but a bogy in Rome's influence and Roman dominion, and I know full well also that this unwarranted fear and unfounded alarm is not confined to the enemies of the Church, but has crept often surreptitiously into high places where it might least be expected to be found.

What sort of logic, or what particular species of faith, can engender such an irreconcilable attitude is a thing beyond my comprehension as a Catholic, but, most of all, as a prelate. That any Bishop of the Church should assume a merely parochial, or provincial, or national attitude is a most glaring contradiction of terms. His very Episcopate is from Rome, the jurisdiction and powers of his office are from the Pope; and, understanding this, that he should dare to assume a position of self-sufficiency is so repugnant to common sense that it is unworthy of argument.

I am not unaware, and I glory in the fact, that my constantly outspoken Romanism is widely known. No one who has followed my public utterances can pretend to ignore it, and the speech of my lips has been only the

faithful interpreter of the sentiments of my heart. It could never matter in the least to me what any Bishop or number of Bishops thought about my attitude or action once I was sure that the Bishop of Bishops had given his approval.

Naturally, now that Pius the Tenth has set the seal of his very highest approbation upon my Episcopate, that, next to God's final approval of my life, shall ever remain to me the most sacred thing on earth.

Years ago, when I was a mere boy at school, a great man said to me, "Never be afraid or ashamed to win the approval and the praise of whoever may be your superior." I remember how, at the time, those words seemed strange to me. Why was it not the most natural thing in the world to wish to do? Why the very thought of shame or fear to do so? But in after years, in the battle of life, I learned better the human knowledge that that great man possessed.

It is a queer truth, nevertheless, that men are sometimes weak enough to fear to have their motives criticized; that to some, the pleasing of a superior is a loss of independence, and so in truth it is in the higher sense; so is any obedience to law; but why men whose chief boast is their independence should be moved by the comment of others, or swerve from what they know to be rational and praiseworthy lest they might have lower motives ascribed to their action, is a mystery indeed. At any event, the words of that great man sank deeply into my mind and heart, and I thank God that to this day not a single superior of mine has ever had to complain of my lack of perfect obedience and perfect loyalty and perfect submission on my part.

Through all the vicissitudes and varieties and faults of

my career, and many there have been, I well know, this one consolation I can always cherish, — that whether as layman or priest or prelate, in whatever position, lowly or high, I have never received a single reproof from those set over me as responsible guides of my conduct and action ; and outside of this, the mere opinion of those who were not my legitimate guides or guardians has never given me the slightest concern.

My elevation to the Cardinalate is another and this time a supreme indication to me that my heart and mind are set toward the right direction, and because of that I am, as I may well be, supremely happy and content. But now your presence and your words here to-day, my dearly beloved priests, add to this grand consolation that other element of satisfaction and joy which makes a perfect combination. My happiness is all the greater in this, that you rejoice in it. Not unfrequently, the Bishop of a Diocese must be content with one, the higher and nobler one of these consolations. Often for a time, and even for long periods, misunderstandings and misinterpretations, and even unruly obstinacy on the part of some of his Clergy, may leave the void of a great affection filled only with care and solicitude. Times are when he must be content with the knowledge of hard duty done, leaving to the future a just and genuine appreciation of his régime. For men are only men after all.

It is often almost inevitable that the men in the busy streets and byways of life fail to see or to understand the point of view of one who sits in the watchtower. His point of view is surer and higher, but the clamor in the streets may often weaken the sound of his voice. It has not been so here. The traditions of our priesthood in Boston have been healthy and sound, and so, from the

very beginning, I have met neither obstacle nor difficulty. What I have counseled has been followed, and what as Bishop I have deemed it a duty to enact and decree has been duly obeyed. The result is what we see all around us.

The splendid condition of this Diocese, parochially and organically, is well known throughout the country, and, I may now dare to say it with pride, throughout the world.

It was clear to me, reading the signs both at home and abroad, that new conditions demanded new activities. The temper of all the people, not excluding our own Catholics, has suffered enormous change within a half century. To trust merely to methods which hitherto had been fairly successful would be simply to risk catastrophe. Merely to tread the beaten paths after the population had spread itself beyond the walls and outside the gates, and still expect to control or guide it, would be the most arrant folly. To deal with a population increasing in numbers by leaps and bounds, compassed by myriad novelties of dangers, in the way of the ancient patriarchal custom would be suicidal. Like it or dislike it, the present generation differs from the one buried.

The only possible and rational means of giving the Church the field of influence which the times demanded and her nature claims, was to redouble activity along new lines while clinging faithfully to the ground already gained. This meant, if it meant anything in tangible form, the multiplication of parishes, the close and firm organization of active societies, the military drilling of officers and men to quick and ready march, the federation of forces, and a deeper and wider diffusion of Catholic truth and knowledge through the means which

the world has long well known how to use, strong and forcible utterance by speech and the written word, and finally, the propagation of a deeper interest in their own Catholic concerns by a diocesan organ.

Any statesman surveying an analogous field of action in civic life would quickly perceive the necessity of analogous methods. No one of them could be accomplished without immense fatigue. No one of them could infallibly promise instantaneous results. They were, nevertheless, obviously in urgent necessity, far more so than the building of schools and churches and asylums.

I have lived long enough in Europe to understand the needs of them all and, alas, sometimes to witness the dismal results which followed their lack. But here, again, I was not deciding a thing upon my own judgment alone. The voice of the Sovereign Pontiff again and again has sought to arouse from apathetic complacency the Catholics of the world. It is Pius the Tenth, the great restorer of all things in Christ, whose keen practical eye has scanned the horizon, noted the weak spots in our battlements, and sent out message after message of warning. He it is who, more than any other Pope in later times, has touched with his finger the points in our armor which need strengthening. Even in conservative Rome he has not hesitated to reject withered and fruitless traditions, whose only excuse for existence was the indolence of inordinate lovers of the past. It is he who has commanded, and has exemplified by action, the taking of new weapons of defense better suited to the times than archaic traditions.

The multiplication of parishes, the increase of activity and zeal, the organization and federation of religious societies, the giving of conferences upon matters of actual interest, and the establishment of a diocesan press

responsible, like everything else Catholic, in all things to the head of the Diocese, — these are no inventions of any lesser authority than the head of Christendom itself. No one who at all knows the acute interest and attention which all these various activities have received from the Sovereign Pontiff himself could, even for a moment, hesitate in his acceptance and endorsement of them. It were ridiculous, were it not so pitiful, to hear now and then some irresponsible and utterly unknown clerical penny-a-liner sit in judgment in these matters upon the very mandates of the Pope himself. Truly, the impertinence of ignorance reaches sometimes the sublime, but the Catholics of America, fortunately, are still able to distinguish between a pontifical decree and counsel and an insolent emanation from some sore-headed, very local, clerical scribe.

Certainly the priests of this Diocese, in each of my undertakings along the lines indicated and approved by the Holy See, have seconded my every effort. We are still at the beginning of what in God's own time they are bound to accomplish. Boston is foremost in achievement to-day in every Catholic field of endeavor simply because Boston, hearing the voice of Peter through her Archbishop, has been foremost in obedience.

If other evidence were necessary to prove the attachment of Boston's Clergy to the Holy See and their promptness to exhibit their desire to be of service to the Pope, certainly that evidence has been given recently. The noble generosity, consecrated even by sacrifice, materialized in your splendid gift to the Holy Father two months ago, a gift which filled the heart of the Pope with touching gratitude, will stand out forever in history. Not a penny of that gift that will not return to you a thousand-fold;

never was an action more spontaneous and noble. God will surely reward you for it even in this life. Never was money better bestowed; the future will prove that abundantly. In Pius' name I thank you. His blessing is upon your lives and your ministry, and that blessing will fructify into a thousand consolations which no money could buy.

I see here before me priests old in service and those whose ministry has scarcely begun. Each has his duty to the other, and the example of each is bound from the very nature of things to affect the other. For we are all one family and there can be no isolation, as there can be no independence. The mistake of the old often is to resent the passing of old conditions; mistake, I say, for that is attempting to keep out the sea with a wall of sand.

The secret of a perfect life is to accept the inevitable, to welcome the future, and be a part of it even while we respect the past. Every pastor of souls is but a tenant, not a householder. The very house he himself has erected will serve for a habitation for future pastors he cannot even know. To act as if his house, his church, his parish were his property and not his simple lease is at best great shortsightedness. All these things will still be here when we are low in the dust. It is only simple, simple foresight to thank God for whatever we have been able to do for Him and His Church, to be grateful for the honors and privileges we have enjoyed in their service, and then not stand stubbornly as a stumbling-block, as if we could prevent what we cannot change, but to give to the very end our waning powers and our heartiest good will to those who step by step are mounting the hill, whose steep sides we have already begun to descend.

To those who are young, who have just taken on the

dignity of pastor, or those younger still who are entering the field of Christ's beautiful vineyard filled with high ideals and noble aspirations, the example of those gone before you, and those older than you in service, must be a salutary influence. They have fought battles of which, as yet, you know nothing. Use to the utmost the powers and the faculties which God has given you to win souls and defend His Church.

The generation of to-day demands more of you, for you have received more. You, by your zealous and earnest preaching and teaching, and by your holy administration, must fill to overflowing the material edifices reared by those who have preceded you. They built; you must conserve and ornate, else you will be for less, not more than they.

Let the bond of peace and holy unity bind together young and old, so that your Bishop, proud and happy, may sit like the father of a great family where only harmony and concord reign. A family filled to overflowing with high faith and holy deeds and fraternal affection, a family which shall constitute a noble part of the great kingdom of God on earth, His Church universal, whose visible Sovereign is Rome's Holy Pontiff, and whose invisible King is Jesus Christ, reigning forever in the glory of His Eternal Father. Amen.

LOYALTY AND AFFECTION[1]

THE desire to succeed is natural to the human heart. The doctor is happy when he achieves a reputation for skill. The lawyer, who on account of his ability is promoted to a seat on the judge's bench, feels a pardonable pride in the event. A merchant who has elevated the prestige of his commercial reputation enjoys the results of his efforts. The joy or success of any walk in life is, in a word, a natural accompaniment of triumphant effort. So, even in the life of the Church there is the laurel crown of victory for successful achievement; and the man who, in great movements like these we are now passing through, is not conscious of a great thrill of joy is less than human.

The Vicar of Christ Himself has endorsed all this philosophy of human life. It was a splendid philosophy that came from his lips when, at the culminating moment that he placed upon the heads of the new Cardinals the red biretta of their office, he said to them among other noble things which shall live forever in our memories, "You will have your hours of suffering, of which the sacred purple is an emblem; but now may it be to you a supreme satisfaction and glory, not only to you, but to those who love you, who are dear to you, your friends, your relations, your family."

I saw at that moment, in anticipation, the vision of these glorious days of supreme satisfaction and joy, when returning to you, dear friends and well-beloved sons, I read

[1] At Laymen's Banquet, Hotel Somerset, Wednesday, February 7, 1912.

in your faces the highest and noblest lessons of this hour. I well know the affection and genuine friendship which as man to man many of you have borne me for years past; but sacred as that is, the sentiment of this hour is more sacred still than that.

It is not merely that one dear to you by natural ties of friendship has risen to high honor; it is more, much more than that. It is the outpouring of that sublime and tender emotion which religion alone is capable of creating. It is a feeling almost indescribable by us who know it so well, because it is so natural to our Catholic hearts. It is a feeling almost unintelligible to those who do not realize the wonderful bond that exists between a Catholic bishop and his whole flock. It is so subtle, so fine, so strong, so pervasive, that even the natural love of child towards parent is but a weak analogy. In a sense, it is nothing less than the spirit of God binding in firmest union, welding into perfect sympathy, the hearts of Bishop and people; blending them with such sweetness and firmness in all the great crises of their lives, that in the greatest sorrow, as in the highest joy alone, they fully realize how complete the strength of that union is.

This wonderful and unequaled phenomenon in the life and soul of a Christian people is so universal, so constant in all time and in every nation and climate, that the existence of it is more than a passing emotion. Through all the centuries, and in all lands, this striking proof of a great underworking and ever present cause, deep rooted in the souls of the faithful, binding them inseparably in weal and in woe to the good or evil fortunes of their chief shepherds, has shown itself again and again to be mightier than marching armies, stronger than the progress of mighty torrents rushing to the sea; a

power which nothing can withstand. And why? Because it is nothing else than the overflowing love of Christ Himself for His Church, welling up like a divine fountain out of every heart that He has won, overflowing as only the charity which is of God can flood, with the wealth of its divine abundance.

This is the supreme yet most real motive, underlying every demonstration like the one we now behold. It is because God has so willed it, that by the union of hearts in the bond of faith, the victory which He won on Calvary over those who defied and hated Him should be repeated in every crucial moment by the Church He founded. There is, then, something unspeakably impersonal in this demonstration of loyalty and devotion, which honors you infinitely more, while it brings consolation beyond words to my heart.

There is also a natural, if I may so call it, a very profound and cogent natural reason why those holding high places in the government of Christ's kingdom on earth should possess the confidence and the high esteem of all thinking men. To learn this reason one needs but to glance cursorily at the pages of history. He who reads at all must plainly recognize and acknowledge that Catholic Bishops throughout all the centuries have merited well of humanity. No one, in fact, so well as they. The welfare and prosperity, temporal and eternal, of their people have been to them always the very apple of their eye. No ill of humanity which they have not succored, no need to which they have not applied a remedy; and not once, but thousands of times, the Christian Bishop has given his very life, and all that he possessed, that his flock might be spared.

Yes, the Catholic people well know the story of their

leaders, well know the heroism of their devotion, the sincerity of their affection; and so their glory is the glory of their people. No sovereign of the earth can ever know, as the Christian Bishop does, the splendid loyalty which is the noble inheritance of those who wear the miter, not the crown.

Catholic laymen of Boston, I came to you five years ago to begin that work among you which, as your Bishop, I was sent to accomplish. You all well know the conditions under which the work was begun; and I think that from the very start you realized that I intended to give myself to it unstintedly.

Our fathers had done their glorious share under circumstances seldom favorable, sometimes unpropitious. They had laid solid foundations, they had planted deep and strong. We came into a noble possession, but there remained much still to accomplish. The traditions of Puritan New England, its irrational prejudices of race and creed, were still all about us. Not, perhaps, as the thorny path upon which our fathers trod, bristling with distrust and hatred, but somehow, though at times invisible, *there* nevertheless, manifesting itself in a thousand distasteful and uncomfortable ways in nearly every phase of life. It is hard for any people to realize the cruelty of its own prejudices, and the injustice of the deductions based upon them.

Many a good New Englander has deplored as much as we do the futile and fruitless perpetuation of Cromwell's unreasoning hatred for everything Catholic and Irish. What had they to do in the building up of a nation whose composite parts were to be the children of every land under heaven, and the very foundation of whose glory was religious toleration? Yet even the states-

man may be the victim of majorities; and in the days past, until recently the names of those capable and willing to allow us our just share in the work and welfare of the community in which we lived are rare indeed.

I was no stranger to the scene. I knew my own and loved them for what they had so often endured without provocation, as without rancor; and I realized clearly that if I hoped, as a voice and an influence in the public life of this state and city, in some small measure at least to be an instrument in the bringing about of fairer and better conditions, I must set my hand instantly to a double task.

I must, first of all, endeavor by every means at my disposal to make the Church an influence upon the souls of her children, so pervading and effectual that the Catholic community, alive to its responsibility, should manifest the fruits of it not merely in the Church, but in every ramification of public and private life; so that the Catholic lawyer should know Christian law and practice it, and excel in it *because he was a Catholic*, to whom the law of Christ is an inheritance; so that the Catholic doctor should differentiate himself from the pagan physician, and show at every bedside the superiority of his mental and moral training and devotion; that the Catholic merchant and man of affairs should compel the recognition due to one who followed the dictates of a Christian conscience; and last, though far from least, that those who in offices of civil trust bore the responsibility of our good name, in the rectitude of their civic righteousness should bear it to honor, not to degradation.

It was no light burden which, on the day of my succession to this See, I had vowed to undertake, and by God's grace and help to bear towards triumphant recog-

nition; not for any fruits its accomplishment might win me; for I was neither doctor, nor lawyer, nor merchant, nor magistrate. The sole motive which prompted me to face a work which others, perhaps stronger than I, had sunk under in dismay, was my perfect love for my own people, and my implicit confidence that, once aroused, they would coöperate in the completion of their hope.

There were two enemies which faced me at the start. One was the self-complacency which continually repeated, "Let well enough alone"; the other was a sort of fatalistic attitude, born of long subjection, as if effort were useless. Added to both was a well-defined opposition on the part of a few who feared, let me say it frankly, that the raising of standards and the denunciation of demoralizing influences would result in their own discomfiture.

And as they argued, sometimes not without success, that their downfall entailed defeat for us all, their impatience begot not a little disquietude. It is all very clear to every one now. It was just as clear then to me. I had reckoned up the whole cost, not merely to myself, but to the cause of Catholicity, with the result that my duty only seemed clearer than ever. Thank God there was plenty of good will but, alas, not much organization; and without organization no great cause can succeed. There was plenty of organization against it; or, at least, if not organization, plenty of united opposition, to make us conscious that the climb upwards would be both long and weary.

But nothing of all this discouraged me then, and today I know it does not dishearten you. I have spoken of New England prejudice, sometimes open, sometimes concealed. The worst feature of it all was that not all of it

was unfounded. For, while it was true, as we all know, that the great Catholic body, true to its noble instincts of faith, was faithful both in public and private life to the mandates of Christian law, a noisy few, Catholic only in name, by their spiritual and civic infidelities made the whole Catholic body a target, at which all the venom of our unthinking neighbors was launched with both clamor and vigor.

Nor can I pass over another element, always present in the Church's camp, an element as pusillanimous as it is conceited; an element at the same time a Judas and a Pharisee; those, and I say it with shame, who, while pluming themselves on their high integrity, held aloof like the Pharisee and betrayed like Judas. Ever willing and ready to point out the defects of their own, though ready enough to swallow greater ones, since it suited their interest, when displayed by others, whose beguiling flattery they were silly enough to accept as an appreciation of their own unspotted virtue. Ready always to criticize with bitterness, but never courageous enough to stand alongside in trying times and help on to better ones. It really seemed that they, too, feared a change, lest the brilliance of their isolation in virtue should suffer eclipse.

Surely these were obstacles enough, without and within, to make one wonder whether the struggle would succeed. *But to one knowing as I did the latent power of the hundreds of thousands waiting for a call to action, ready to follow for the sake of their Church's good name, no doubt could long prevail.*

For five years now the work of education and organization has gone on, the only object of which is to make Catholic people realize their own essential dignity. For five years, often wearily enough, my voice has been lifted

and my pen has been wielded with one sole purpose, — to bring out conspicuously the best in every walk of life that we have to give; to prove by deed and by fact the falsity and the injustice of time-worn prejudices and misconceptions; to make our people as a whole stand out in the open, on the solid platform of Catholic doctrine and Catholic virtue; to show so clearly our own realization of what we have a right to be considered, *that never again shall we shrink from the intolerance of mere ignorance, which would place us in a position inferior to anything but the best in this city and this community.*

The work is not yet done, but I dare to say it is half done, since it is well begun. In the beginning I spared no single effort or energy of heart or mind; that the work has not often overpowered me, is due only to the fact that God has given me a great heart to hope and phenomenal strength to endure.

I have said that in the beginning I set my hand to a double task. The first, as I have now explained, was to make the Catholics of this Diocese recognize and realize their own duty to themselves and to the community. The second was to attempt, so far as in me lay, to teach the community at large a fair attitude towards the Church. If the first task was no easy one, this second was harder still. The first condition of a fair trial is to get a hearing for the other side. In the minds of a large part of the community the verdict had been passed without a hearing. It is true, a few false witnesses had been heard; that, in their mind, was sufficient evidence. The decision had apparently been given irrevocably. The stories of St. Bartholomew's Day, of the Spanish Inquisition, of the Guy Fawkes plot, had been told and retold with telling effect. The manifest conclusion of all this one-sided his-

tory was that, cost what it may, Catholics must be forever under a ban. True these incidents, highly flavored and luridly colored, happened centuries ago; but the application of their deductions still goes on.

The result was the early history that New England has written in its blue laws against priest-craft and popery. The blue laws have been repealed by custom, but the stigma remains; and even in the most peaceful times any ranter may rouse the horrors of bigotry by brandishing their effigies. Even among those better informed and more humanely disposed, one is often amazed at the unconscious betrayal of a traditional antipathy, bordering on open suspicion; and it is queer to watch the manifestations of its spirit.

This can best be seen in the utterances of that portion of the press which poses as its most refined champion. This is the process, — you will recognize it at a glance. Some years ago its pages were filled with the arraignment of those in political life not of its creed or cult. It ferreted out their every action, found fraudulency and graft on every side but its own, heralded these evil conditions among its own immaculate readers, and laid the full blame upon the religious leaders for their culpable inactivity. A new religious leader arrives. His first utterances in the cause of civic honor and honesty are hailed with acclaim. To them it could only mean that the Bishop was denouncing his own children. That meant, of course, the proof of their own thesis.

So far all was well. But soon it was clear that what he meant was not denunciation, but *purification* and *advance;* then the clouds of doubt descended. As the march goes onward, the mystery clears. His purpose obviously is to make a community, Catholic by a great majority,

conscious of its own Catholic duty, *and the storm breaks.* The stories of Guy Fawkes and the Inquisition are brought out again from their musty resting-places. It is Rome, ever greedy of power, that is at work secretly and stealthily under cover of civic virtue.

In a word, the Bishop who keeps silence is condemned for his inactivity and civic apathy. The Bishop who speaks is condemned for activity and officiousness; and then one cannot help thinking once more of the rebuke that Christ gave the Jews, on the occasion of the visit to Him of the disciples of John the Baptist: "For John came neither eating nor drinking; and they say: He hath a devil. The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say: Behold a man that is a glutton and a wine drinker, a friend of publicans and sinners." So feasting or fasting, silent or active, to such men it is all the same.

The trial is finished; the sentence is passed; and that sentence, if it means anything, means that with *the best of good will it is hard in a community like this for the Catholic cause to get a fair hearing.* Nevertheless, in season and out of season, I have delivered my message, — in the public halls among the men of state, at ministers' meetings, at women's clubs, that voice has entered in, has delivered its message, roundly and honestly. Neither courting favor by abating one jot or tittle of Catholic truth, nor fearing by straightforwardness to meet ancient prejudices by more ancient truths. Has the result been accomplished? Has any result been accomplished? *God only can tell.*

In the sermon delivered on the occasion of the Centennial of this Diocese, I offered sincerely, and without reserve, my solution of the social difficulty: "Let us not," I said, "stand glaring at each other over a chasm. Let

us rather fill up the space between us with honest good will towards one another and come together with mutual understanding and coöperation." *I have done my share; my people, too, are doing theirs. What have some of the others done*, and what do they propose to do? The responsibility rests with them. The future will be much, not only what *we* intend to make it, but what also they have in their minds and hearts to face and meet, manfully and generously.

So, dear friends, and fellow citizens all, this night is the culmination of five years of anxious labor. It is, at the same time, a reward for our past efforts, and a guerdon of promise for future attainment. Quickly I have passed in review the purpose of those years, a purpose high and permanent however weak has been its realization. Enough, however, has certainly been realized to make us perfectly secure of our ground.

In these five years something of history has been written, of whose pages we need not feel ashamed. Let us reveal the injustice of the past in the conquest of the future. We mean no political conquest. We want no Catholic party until the tactics of European Freemasonry and Anarchy compel every Christian to stand, if need be, with ballot in hand to defend our altars and our homes. No, it is the conquest of right and justice. A fair field for all, and no favor. We are tired to death of misrepresentation from within and misunderstanding from without; and the solid hope, which fills our hearts at the sight of *this noble presence before me, is that the five years whose crown we wear to-night are but the harbingers of happier and holier days. Let us face them with the splendid assurance which comes from our noble, Christian faith.*

Your gift to me to-night will be a sacred treasure. But a thousand times more than any gift is the affection, the true manly love of your hearts, which I know you bear me. My men, I am proud of you to-night. God bless you.

THE CITY'S TRIBUTE[1]

Your Honor, the Mayor of Boston, and Honorable Members of the City Council: —

The outpouring of generous sentiment, of which during the last three months I have been the unworthy recipient, has touched me deeply.

It was natural that my flock should rejoice at the elevation of their shepherd to the dignity of the Cardinalate. My honor is always theirs.

But it was a most gratifying spectacle to witness the universality of rejoicing upon my elevation. Men of every walk in life, as in every variety of creed, have given me most abundant testimony of good will and esteem, feeling that Pius X in honoring me conferred honor upon our whole community.

And now I am offered that which I prize beyond words, — the official congratulations of this great and well-beloved City of Boston, of whose citizenship I am proud, and of whose glory I am as jealous as a son is of his mother's honor.

Whatever I can accomplish in the advancement of her interests and the spread of her fame will always be a happy privilege. She has had many great sons. To be enrolled in so noble a company is a proud title. If by my life-work I may win such merit, I shall be honored indeed. Of one thing your Honorable Body and all my dear fellow citizens may be sure, that my labors and

[1] Reply to the testimonial offered him by the Mayor and City Council of Boston at the dinner at the Archbishop's house, Monday evening, February 12, 1912.

efforts will be spent freely until the end for Boston's welfare.

I beg you to accept my most profound thanks for this gracious act on the part of Boston's municipal authority, and to your Honor and to the Honorable City Council, representing all my fellow citizens, I offer my most heartfelt sentiments of gratitude.

WILLIAM, CARDINAL O'CONNELL.

THE SPIRIT OF BOSTON[1]

Mr. Gaston and Gentlemen of Boston: —

It is a most noteworthy and memorable fact in the history of our city that in the greatest sorrows, as in the happiest hours, the Bishops of this See of Boston have received a large share of their very deepest consolations and encouragements from Boston's noblest sons, who, like those now gathered here, were neither of their race nor faith.

When Boston's first Bishop, afterwards the glory of France as Cardinal of Bordeaux, was struggling to erect the first cathedral of this See, he received substantial aid and most generous assistance from the Higginsons, the Wigglesworths, and those of Boston's families of wealth and station who, as they themselves expressed it, "desired to participate in the honor of sharing some of the burdens of their humbler fellow citizens." And the first cathedral was a monument to the generous coöperation of kind-hearted Protestants as well as to the generous sacrifices of the poor, newly arrived Catholic immigrants.

Nor was their kindness and neighborliness mere holiday friendship. In later times when the successor of Cheverus, Bishop Fenwick, witnessed the dread spectacle of the burning Convent of the Ursulines, and the people of his flock gathered around him to console him in that hour of trial, the Shattucks and many a kind-hearted Protestant neighbor gathered with them, and by

[1] To the gentlemen of Boston who came to present a testimonial, Friday, February 16, 1912.

material and moral aid helped to lift the burden of sorrow from the shoulders of the Bishop and his flock.

When later still the third Bishop, Fitzpatrick, sought to rescue the outcast babes of the Catholic community by erecting the Camden Street Home for their protection and care, the Lodges, both father and mother of our present Senator, gave generously of their means and moral assistance, as have ever since many noble Protestants whose charity seems to be endless and universal.

My venerated predecessor well knew all this, and again and again our people all have heard the beautiful story of this spirit of helpfulness, until it has now become a part of the golden tradition of this Diocese, and constitutes a glorious page of the history of our Church in Boston.

And now, dear friends, you come as faithful and loyal inheritors of these noble traditions to participate in our common joy as your ancestors did in our past trials. You gentlemen, all of the highest confidence and station in the life of our city, desire to join with the lowliest and the least in their rejoicing on this occasion of family honor.

Surely this is an historic occasion, — one which, like the others named, will be handed on to all posterity, fraught with the noble significance it has, of your kindness and coöperation in everything which tends for good, even among those who differ with you in faith and origin.

That is the spirit of all that is best in this country's history and this city's traditions. Our people quickly forget the ills they have sometimes borne, but never, neither they nor their children's children, a deed like this, to one whom they love as father and shepherd. It will live in

Catholic history for centuries, and your sentiments and your generous gift to me, sentiments and gift princely indeed, will be a flaming record upon our diocesan annals never to be forgotten.

No one of us here present fully realizes how far this deed will travel and the good its animating spirit will set in operation.

Gentlemen, your kindness to me will live forever in my mind and in my heart. I can never hope to repay such an act as this. I can only hope that God, your Father and mine, will reward your spirit of goodness a thousand-fold in health and happiness to you and yours.

In my name, and in the name of the million Catholics of this Diocese, yes, and in the name of all men of good will in this city of Boston, whose prosperity and welfare you so worthily represent and maintain, I thank you from the depths of my grateful heart.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR SERVICE[1]

It is a great pleasure and satisfaction to meet here the officers and members of the various women's guilds, for I am well aware of the wonderful work you are accomplishing for the material and spiritual assistance of those for whose benefit and aid these societies have been established. Thousands of worthy women and children, abandoned and helpless, have been rescued from real want, and have been made to feel the consolation of sisterly affection and protection through the ministrations of your societies, whose work has gone on quietly but effectively.

Yet great as are the benefits which these organizations bring to the poor, the helpless, the needy, and the outcast, I have always insisted that the greatest good from it all comes to you. It is you, more than any one else, who are the real beneficiaries, and you realize that as much as I do. What joy is there in selfishness? What does the woman get out of life whose only thought is of herself, of her dress, of her looks, of her automobile excursions, her theater parties, or whatever form merely selfish pleasure may take?

It is not necessary that pleasure-loving should be gross or positively sinful to produce bad results. It is the selfishness of life, not the mere pleasure, that is harmful. Dress, the theater, the opera, the dinner party, — all have their proper place in refined social life. They not only have a place, they have a good and wholesome and honorable place. We are not Puritans, but Catholics,

[1] Address to the ladies of Boston, at Hotel Somerset, February 17, 1912.

and the Church has always understood human nature perfectly. No, all these things are good, if only one has some other occupation, — some work, some duty, — at the end of which these recreations all come as pleasant and profitable relaxations.

We only beget a right to enjoyment when we have procured a share of it for some one else first. We cannot close our eyes to the sight of the misery and the want about us and be entirely happy. Nature herself will not for long allow such unfeeling conduct to last. Remorse and the ashes of discontent soon creep into the rarest conservations of self-indulgence. It is only with the thought that every day of our lives we are contributing something of our own, our labor, our time, our personal attention, our money, to some object utterly outside of ourselves, — outside even of our own homes, — that the great satisfaction enters our hearts, which adds pleasure to our own relaxations and amusements, while it lessens many of our trials and sorrows.

Every Christian woman ought to have two things always at heart, — first, if married, the welfare of her husband, her children, her home; if unmarried, of her immediate family; their happiness must be her most sacred duty, — a duty which she cannot shirk, even under the pretext of care for others; secondly, she must every day, after the first duty is done, and before she permits herself any merely selfish consideration, do something, no matter how slight, which, even in a small degree, will help on the happiness of some one else not of her immediate entourage.

If we are going to succeed in anything we must be patient in the application of our principles, and I venture to suggest now a simple plan, which, if carried out, would

bring help to hundreds of thousands and universal satisfaction to the women themselves.

Suppose that each woman had a strong-box of some kind into which each time she went to the opera, or bought a new hat, or gave or accepted a dinner, she dropped something, more or less, as she felt disposed or could afford, but something intended for, let us say, the Guild of the Infant Saviour, or St. Elizabeth's Hospital, or the Camden Street Asylum. Suppose that when things went well, and she had been very fortunate and very happy and successful, she at once deposited something in that box which showed her desire to let others partake of her success. No matter how slight the amount the accumulated deposits would be at the end of six months, they would indicate unselfishness and gratitude. These are two of the most beautiful traits of the human soul. And just as selfishness and brutality leave traces on the countenance, so, too, do these beautiful virtues transform it.

But no matter what the plan, the principle is clear. We cannot live for ourselves alone. It is against every law, human and divine. If man forgets this he becomes a machine, — yes, even a brute. If woman forgets, she has lost the last vestige of womanhood.

And so I cordially bless all here, and those absent who nevertheless aid in the purposes of these societies. Keep aglow in your hearts the fire of holy charity, — the flame of unselfishness. Help others and God will help you.

LOVE FOR BIRTHPLACE[1]

THE place where for us life, with all its wonderful mysteries, had its beginning, where we first saw the light, remains forever a sacred spot. The sweet memories of childhood cluster around it, and cover it with a halo of almost celestial beauty. As life goes on, and its varied duties lead us far away from its holy atmosphere, we bear away with us a feeling akin to reverential awe for the shrine of our youth. Whatever of honor or glory or wealth man wins afterwards, he is ever mindful of his first home, — the home consecrated eternally by the lullaby of his mother's voice, the gay shouts of careless youth, the happy faces of boyhood friends, now lost to him forever in all but the echo which memory sounds in his ears whenever he revisits the precincts of his birthplace.

How well it all comes back to me now! How vividly I recall it all! The humble cottage and the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn. The pleasant fields and fruitful orchards where now are busy crowded streets. The clamor of the early bells followed by the tramp, tramp, in the streets below my chamber window, of the toiler on his way to labor; the houseful of eager boyish voices making hurried preparation for the march to the old school on the Common; the mirthful crowd of youngsters on the snow-clad hill; the shrill cheer as we coasted down heedless of cold or frost. Ah, how it all comes back again, and what would we not give if once again, if only for one day, we could put aside all that

[1] At St. Patrick's Church, Lowell, February 25, 1912.

we have won and live over again those wonderful days, alas, never to return! What a privilege to stand here among these hallowed scenes, and be welcomed back with such a welcome as you have given me to-day.

How I prize it, — how I shall always cherish it! What a happiness to me to hear you say that I have brought honor to my native city. But what could I ever do in return for all that the place of my birth has done for me? Here, I lisped my first prayer to God; here, I learned from my saintly mother the beauty of virtue; here, I first understood the need of hard and persevering work if one is to accomplish aught worth having; here, I listened to holy priests giving wise counsel for the battle of life; here, I knelt first at that altar to which I was to consecrate my life; here, I studied the beginnings of learning now to me so precious; here, in a word, was the cradle of all that the Church and the world have since endowed me with, and I am happy to come back to it, to lay upon it the wreaths I have worn and the laurels I have won.

Accept them, dear old home, from my grateful heart. Take them good priests and kind, good friends of my youth, who still linger amid the old scenes. They to whom they best belong are asleep out yonder in the old graveyard. Take them in their name, since their hands are long still, — whose tender, busy fingers first wove their slender beginnings. I stand here a Cardinal, a Prince of a great empire, but to you, to Lowell and all here, I am and ever shall be a Lowell boy, — proud of my birthplace; and may the blessed spirit of industry, of frugality, of happy labor, and of cheerful work, which were the first and best and most useful lessons I have ever learned here, abide forever within Lowell's gates, to lead on many another of her younger sons to honor and renown.

THE MEANING OF FEDERATION[1]

THE word Federation stands for union under authority. It expresses the need of orderly and united action. It is opposed to mere individualism in things which concern the common good. It tends to the concentration and centralization of moral forces in contradistinction to all separatist sentiment which weakens power. It respects individual effort where only the individual is concerned. But its purpose is to sanctify and invigorate the endeavors of individuals by cementing all that is best of them into organized activity, and it uncompromisingly sets its face against mere cliques and factions whose motives are puny and petty.

Federation's primary object is religious, — the strengthening the hearts of the Catholic community in the bond of faith and obedience, — but its purposes naturally extend to the social betterment of the whole community in which we live and work. It acts primarily and essentially along the lines of Catholic faith and action, and, like everything Catholic, it follows implicitly and unquestioningly the guidance of Catholic authority.

I am speaking now of Federation in general, as an antidote to prevailing separatist, disjunctive, and disintegrating forces. Do such malign influences exist among us even in embryo? Is there such a thing in the Catholic body in America as even a germ of un-Catholic sentiment? Are there any tiny indications of elements of di-

[1] Address at the Convention of Diocesan Federation, St. Alphonsus Hall, Sunday, March 10, 1912.

vision of such a character that unless checked, restrained, and combated, and finally utterly routed, the Church here would be confronted some day with a grave and serious situation which it is our duty to prevent?

Every one here has a right to ask these questions, and if they are asked honestly they must be frankly and honestly answered. Until these questions, in fact, are looked squarely in the face we shall continue to hear the same half-concealed, wholly petty and querulous animadversions about Federation which again and again have been answered by the presidents and officers of Federation, by those Bishops and Archbishops whose courage and foresight and zeal have strenuously upheld this great movement against back-door whisperings, and by the Holy Father himself, who in the clearest words has endorsed and blessed its purpose and its work.

We all are happy and proud of the flourishing condition of religion here in America. There is now no doubt anywhere the world over that the Church in America is a mighty tree, teeming with the rich fruit of God's grace and blessing. Nowhere is the liberty of her life so free, — nowhere has she more universal respect. The hierarchy is revered, and deservedly so. The clergy are respected, and well they deserve to be. The Catholic laity is devoted and loyal, and the evidences of their devotion and loyalty are the admiration of the world.

We are living, I verily believe, in a golden age of religious prosperity. We can never thank God enough for it, and we can never exercise too much care to preserve it. For if once lost, what an irreparable loss it would be for all, — for us, for your children, for the peace and order of the whole country. Other countries have had our blessings and lost them, just because they were too sure

that they could never lose them. It is precisely in golden prosperity that danger lurks; for while the roses are blooming on the stem the noxious weeds in the soil beneath them are often taking root unnoticed.

It is now while we are so healthy and robust that we must beware of poisonous germs in the life of the Church. It is while our edifice is growing into majestic height that we must most of all examine the foundations. There, most of all, the secret of permanent strength lies. Not merely in the full churches and the prosperous parishes, but most of all in the true apprehension of the fundamental principles of our faith. Unless the Catholic body realizes that, it builds in vain. For the higher the edifice rises the greater the danger of collapse, unless the very bedrock on which it rests is solid and immovable.

In the countries where the people really understood the fundamental principles of the Church's life, where the elements of her divine constitution had been clearly explained and always kept clear, heresy and schism passed over the land without leaving a trace in the hearts of the people. But where the idea of the divine organization of the Church had been obscured, where temporizing prelates and a half-hearted clergy had, through fear or human respect or governmental interference, allowed false ideas concerning the Church's constitution to gain ground, there, sooner or later, the people, once loyal to the Church, finally fell away, and quick decay succeeded to a promising bloom.

Anything, therefore, which tends to obscure or to confuse or to weaken, however little, in the minds of Catholics, this all-important knowledge, clear and correct, of the fundamental principles of the organization of the Church, is a danger positive and perilous. And any one

who pulls a single stone out of that foundation is guilty of awful sacrilege, for he is imperiling the strength of the whole glorious structure.

To-day I want you to study in a brief but practical way the importance of two things: —

1. The knowledge of the Church's constitution.

2. A few indications that even in our strength there are some germs of growing weakness.

And then I want Federation to use every effort to prevent by every means in its power any further danger to the Church's life and progress here, by frankly and courageously setting its face against those influences which, consciously or not, tend to sap the Church's foundations.

Now what is the Catholic doctrine concerning the Church's organization? You know it well. The Church was founded by Christ to save souls and carry on His divine work in the world for all time, among all men. The Church is not a democracy. In it each member has his well-defined place. The great body of the faithful are the followers, the disciples of Christ. They hear and obey the law of Christ. They neither teach nor command. They hear His voice and obey His mandates. Here there is no compromise, no false and deceitful flattery of popular vanity. Christ put it plainly, His Church is a sheepfold. He who would enter His Kingdom must be in heart a child. The Christian is to hear the Church. In a word, the faithful are to be taught, to be led, to be fed, not by whomsoever they choose, much less by themselves, but by those divinely constituted in their office of teacher, leader, guide and shepherd, by Christ's own authority.

This is all certainly most clear. It is all simple gospel truth. It is the consecrated tradition of the Church herself, it is the plainly defined Catholic doctrine.

Now, strange as it may appear in the face of all this perfect clearness, history proves that from the very beginning the conceited, the proud, the vain ones among the faithful have either openly opposed it and left the Church organization to put themselves at the head of another, or, while still remaining in the fold, continually impugn, by deed if not by word, this manifest and undeniable principle of the Church's life.

No need here to go into the absurdity of their position or the sacrilege of their schism. No need now to recall that those heresiarchs who refused obedience to constituted ecclesiastical authority became the most intolerant tyrants over the sect they founded. Neither is there need to show that those among the Church's members who are eternally finding fault and criticizing every decree, every law, every ordinance emanating from ecclesiastical authority, are the very ones who, more than others, need restraint and yet are most bitter against it. That is all a matter of mere observation. You all can see it for yourselves.

Was there ever a man who, grumbling and complaining eternally while subject to another, did not the moment he got the least power proceed to inflict intolerable burdens upon those unfortunately under him? You all know this type of man. He is temperamentally unfit to be either a peaceful inferior or a rational superior. Now it is precisely this type of Christian and Catholic who, in whatever position he holds, attempts to weaken all organization whether civil or ecclesiastical; and just now, of course, we are dealing only with ecclesiastical organization and the Church's life.

If he is a pewholder he would endeavor to control the Church's revenues. He is never satisfied with the sermon,

or the vestments, or the music. He, however, will never give himself the least inconvenience to improve things. He will devise all sorts of plans by which others may contribute to increase the parish means, but he limits himself to plans for others.

Well, of course in time he finds his place. He is certainly no help either to the pastor or his congregation. But he is often unhappily a hindrance to good work, and unfortunately he is not alone in his attitude. This class of man, with a few adherents, can undo and impede much of the work of the priests and the good people of a parish. Here is an example down at the roots of the cause of weakness in Church organization. He may not stand for much in the community, but he is nevertheless sapping, so far as he is able, the foundations of the Church's organization.

This man's voice is heard only within a small range, and the harm he does is limited to his own parish. Now suppose a man of that disposition and temperament becomes a public man in any sense. It is easy to see that the range of his bad influence grows. He can never move a finger unless to point at something faulty. He is never constructive, but always pulls down. He is against parish schools, though he must know that the very life of the Church depends upon the Christian education of the children. He is always complaining of the civic influence of the clergy, though he knows that they must exercise their civic rights as other men to protect moral interests. He seems to imagine that the clergy are a sort of silent machinery to be seen and heard only in the sanctuary, though he is the very first on the other hand to complain of civic apathy on their part. Only he, it seems, must control them in the exercise of their civic duties. In a

word, he is doing all he can to stifle the influence of the Church in daily life, while yet present every Sunday in his pew.

It is this sort of man who, if he could, would make slaves of the priests while professing to reverence them, and who, while pretending to accept the Church's divine authority, would tie the hands and seal the lips of every Bishop.

Are there such men in the Church? Undoubtedly. There never yet was a crisis in the Church's struggle with political tyrants for just liberty, when such Catholics as these have not shown themselves in their true colors, — men who have sold the rights and freedom of the Church while proclaiming themselves her sons. They are the very men who yesterday joined hands with the Freemasons and the anarchists in France to bind the Church hand and foot, and who by attempting to form the "Association Cultuelles" showed themselves willing to destroy the very constitution of the Church by subverting its divine order, placing under lay control bishops and clergy, and then turning the whole inverted cone of the Church's existence over to an infidel government. Are there such men here in the Church in this country? I answer, Yes, there are. They are in every country, in many parishes, in many dioceses.

In France and Portugal no one, it seemed, had the courage to unmask them and to check their malign influence until all was lost. Their numbers were allowed to grow until they possessed the government and the Church. Here they exist, I repeat, but as yet they are few; and by Federation, by open, clear teaching of the Church's divine organization, by courageous and watchful guardianship on the part of those entrusted with the Church's

life, by God's grace and help, we intend to keep them few and, if possible, eliminate them altogether, and thus rid the flock of Christ of its most insidious enemy.

For that enemy is not the weak sinner. It is not the man who, while his faith and allegiance are clear and strong, maybe falls very far short of sanctity. It is not the man who may drink a drop too much for his own good, or who occasionally slips in virtue, but who at heart nevertheless is a loyal and true Catholic. His faults are personal. God will deal with him in gentleness and mercy. But the Pharisee who is too cold-hearted or too shrewd to make a slip, who, nevertheless, is never capable of a generous love for his Church, who never passes a day, even Sunday, without some fling at his pastor, or a bishop, or even, if it comes his way, at the head of the Church,— that is the man who, because he is pulling out the stones at the foot of the foundation, will, unless he repents, see, not the Church which is eternal, but his own Christian faith crumble like a ruin and crush his soul in its fall.

To the work of combating the evil influence of such men, not in France, but right here in America wherever they are, Federation, by a true and loyal Catholic stand, by fidelity to the Church's divine constitution, which reveres and respects and gladly follows the guidance of Pope, Bishops, and Priests in their spiritual life, which covers with sweet charity defects present in all things human, while it helps on to better conditions by cheerful obedience and coöperation, by such a truly Catholic spirit, Federation works for the strengthening of the Church's divine organization.

There are many types of the drainer of the organic life of the Church indicated by the one just described. There are the so-called Catholic editors who fill their

papers with bilious screeds against the hierarchy. No bishop wants to be dragged into a public controversy with such unprincipled cranks, and therefore he keeps silent. These dangerous enemies of the Church's order scarcely ever go to press without making some unseemly, vulgar, and often lying and criminal assertions in the columns of their miserable journals, worthy of the worst enemies of Christ, which, being read by thousands, and of course copied by the infidel press of the whole country, sow the most dangerous seeds of religious disorder and anarchy, and do the work of the devil himself among the little ones of Christ. If the Bishop finally, roused by the sense of danger, administers a rebuke, at once the perfidious editor proclaims himself a victim of episcopal tyranny, and matters become worse instead of better.

The laity themselves must deal with this villainy, for it is simply villainy of the lowest kind. Fear of making a bad matter worse often restrains the Bishop, but Federation must openly denounce such traitors masquerading as Catholic editors. They must be labeled for what they are, — enemies of the Church's essential organization. And if the truth were really tracked to the roots, you would find that back of this false Catholic editor and false Catholic paper is the influence, and perhaps even the money, of Freemasonry and infidelity.

There is no greater service which Federation can render to the Church to-day in this country than to compel the malign influence of such Catholic papers, so-called, and editors also falsely called Catholic, to cease forever, or else come out into open hostility where we can frankly fight them, and thus finish forever their warfare against the honor, the reverence, which all good Catholics willingly and gladly pay to their Bishops and Priests, and

which is at the very base of the Church's divine foundation.

Only in a small degree less criminal is the Catholic paper, no matter under whose auspices, which from local jealousy, or spite, or whatever other low, unchristian motive, allows its pages to be soiled with slurs against a neighboring Diocese, or against a work which has the approval of ecclesiastical authority. I cannot understand why such utterly scandalous breaches of Catholic decency and courtesy can find their way into a paper pretending to have the support of Catholic influence. Rather than allow any paper under my control or auspices or protection to commit such flagrant and offensive action, I should suppress it forever.

Certainly, no paper at all is better a thousand times than one which lends its pages to petty antagonisms or the spreading among its readers of such evil contagion. Unless we can speak well of one another, and every one but a malicious fault-finder will find a thousand reasons for doing so, then in God's name, in the name of His Holy Church, let us keep silent in our diocesan press. Unless it helps on the spirit of Catholic unity between parish and parish, between diocese and diocese, then it is not Catholic at all.

I regret to say that not unfrequently I have been shocked by the spirit of disunion, yes, of scandalous separation and sedition, in the pages of certain journals pretending to be diocesan organs. Local diocesan pride is one thing, — it is not always bad; sometimes it is an excellent stimulant. But local diocesan spite, envy, or jealousy which lends itself to open scandal is a sacrilege, and it must be openly characterized as such by all true Catholics.

No man can blindfold the Catholic people into believing that he is serving Catholic interests, either locally or generally, by doing or printing anything reflecting upon the work of the clergy or the people of any other Catholic diocese. A diocesan organ which shows un-Catholic sentiment by publishing its petty spite, or ignoring great Catholic events simply because they take place outside the limits of its own Diocese, ought to be suppressed.

If report be true, a certain diocesan organ refused to allow a place in its columns to the most important Catholic event which has happened here in a century. The daily press, the infidel press, the Jewish press vied with one another in rising to the splendid occasion. They all generously for the moment threw down their arms, and joined hands with all true Catholics to herald the joy which the Pope had given to our country. But some little individual disagreed with the Pope. He decreed that if the manager of the so-called Catholic paper noticed this glorious Catholic event, which every real Catholic welcomed, he would lose his position. I cannot believe this possible.

If such a thing by any unseemly possibility could happen, then the plain duty of that managing editor is to resign from the place in which his Catholic sentiment is so stifled and insulted, and I feel sure that he will not be long in finding a far better one. Any ecclesiastical court would soon settle his rights for him. Such action is too contemptible to consider; but, if true, then the author of it deserves to be put on public record by Federation as an enemy of the Church's interests, and unfit to control anything Catholic.

We are not in France in the time of Louis XIV, when the malcontents got together in secret conclave to defeat

the Pope's decisions and to plot the foundation of the Gallican Church.

We are Roman Catholics, and when the Pope speaks we accept his decision joyfully; and we shall see, too, that those who secretly plot to nullify the Pope's action be publicly labeled as traitors in the ranks, ready to sacrifice the spiritual welfare of a whole country to their own petty spite and envy.

It would not take long to discover a few other such attempts against the solidity of the foundation of the Church. The sly innuendoes against the papal delegation; the cheap flings at those who occupy that exalted position to the detriment of their prestige and authority; the nasty hint about intrigues by the very ones who, because they have been foiled in their own intrigues, are bitter against Rome; the forming of petty cliques in an endeavor to intimidate Rome by the show of majorities, — all these unseemly things are not new in the Church's history, and their results upon the life of the Church are visible in the disorder existing wherever they prevail.

They are few in number and work in the dark. They thrive upon the natural shrinking which Catholics all feel to touch such pitch. They must be unmasked fearlessly, and Federation can and will do it for the sake of the future of the Church here.

Perfect loyalty to Rome, to the Pope, to ecclesiastical authority, when exercised according to the Church's decrees, these are the safeguards of Catholic life. Let Federation plant that standard far and wide. Let open separatism and nationalism and secret plotting, no matter where found, be denounced as an attempt against the life of the Church.

Thank God, in this Diocese it would be difficult indeed to discover such unworthy sentiments. For the manifestation of those principles and qualities which represent the best and noblest Catholicity, for splendid loyalty and fidelity among the men of this Diocese from one end of it to the other, to-day, I am proud to say that nothing higher and nobler exists in the whole world. The strength and order of Catholic organization in this Diocese are well known.

The whole body of the laity of our Diocese are a model to all America in their attachment to the head of the Church and in splendid affectionate devotion to the head of this great Province and glorious Archdiocese. They have shown their Catholic character in a thousand ways. But the greatest and best proof of it all is in their stanch fidelity. They have recognized the treacherous efforts to weaken their loyalty only to despise them and their authors. I am proud of them.

Before me I see Catholic men from nearly every parish in the Diocese. Bring back to your communities the influence of the lesson learned here to-day. Stand fast and true in your devotion to the Holy Father, to your Archbishop, to your faith. Crush, as you would a venomous serpent, any treacherous attempt to weaken that devotion. Be faithful to your Catholic duty. Do your public duty to the Church's organization, and your private duty to God. So will you bless the Church with holy loyalty and the land with fidelity, and God's blessing will be upon you all.

I gladly seize this occasion, when there are here present men from every portion of the Archdiocese, to return my most heartfelt gratitude to all my clergy and flock for the most touching demonstrations everywhere

exhibited, and by all classes of men, Catholic and non-Catholic, upon my home-coming as Cardinal.

I have no words to express my profound sense of thanks to God for this most consoling proof of the perfect unity of the Diocese with its spiritual head, and of the benevolence and kindness of our neighbors not of the fold.

Such gatherings of both clergy and laity, such demonstrations of Catholic unity and good will, such splendid addresses ringing with Christian sentiment, have never been witnessed or heard in this country before, and can never be excelled.

The citizens not of the faith, but brothers in good will, have also by their beautiful expressions of friendliness, and by their truly regal gifts, rivaled my own children in their generosity.

What can I ever do to repay such an outpouring of kindness to me? My only regret is that I cannot hope to return this affectionate demonstration by anything on my part worthy of it all.

Could I have met, not the thousands who assembled on those occasions, but the hundreds of thousands who were in the streets the eventful day of my arrival, and who since then have shown their esteem and regard for me in a thousand ways, I would gladly do so.

Since that is obviously impossible, I want to assure them all, the humblest and the littlest of them, that my heart is full to overflowing with gratitude to them all. Every day I remember them at the altar, and I beg God to bless them and reward them for their tender charity towards me.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY[1]

Civil and Religious Liberty, — well are they thus united, for unless both are secure, neither is safe. Wherever the State has sought to enslave Religion, making her a servant in bondage instead of a sacred guide, the liberty of the State itself was soon a mere myth. And wherever a false interpretation of religious freedom has led to encroachments upon the well-defined domain of civic rights, Religion soon lost her hold upon the souls of men.

Liberty of the soul to worship God, to obey His commands, to follow His divine guidance, that is the noblest right of man, and the assurance of it is the strictest duty of the State.

Where the true meaning of freedom is understood, there is the widest liberty of soul and body, — of divine and human law. Divine and human law, — these are the only true foundations of any liberty. The permanency of religion is the only guarantee of the stability of law. And where law is unstable there results ultimately only tyranny. Remove the eternal foundations which the law of God supports, and you pull down the structure upon which civil law rests. For these permanent principles are not founded upon the momentary whim of the people, but upon the eternal justice of the universe, — the expression of God's relations to His sublime edifice of all creation with man on its pinnacle. Man did not make

[1] Reply to toast by President Taft, the guest of honor, "Civil and Religious Liberty," at the Charitable Irish Society Banquet, Hotel Somerset, March 18, 1912.

these eternal relations. They made man. And no matter what the passing passion of minorities or majorities, they stand forever. Justice is not founded upon votes, but upon principles. The fact that the form of government is popular franchise can no more change the origin and foundation and genuine interpretation of law than a plebiscite can banish God.

Long live the people, — no man raises that cry with more sincerity than I, and all here. But the very life of the people's liberties, religious and civil, is always in danger when the foundations of law and the independence of judges, be they civil or ecclesiastical, are imperiled. The law is not the people, — the people is not the law. The law is the principle of justice governing the people. And its application to individuals, to associations, to business, to every relationship of civil life must be so hedged around with reverence and security that the civil courts may in moments of popular passion save the whole people from the tyranny of lawless majorities.

God and our Country, — that phrase expresses it all. Liberty, founded upon the eternal principles of divine justice, interpreted and applied in civil life by God-fearing magistrates, untrammeled and unfettered, and unafraid of passing popular passion; that, in a word, is the guarantee of what alone has made this country great, — perfect security of civil and religious liberty to all. While that lasts, while the people themselves realize its value beyond price, this land is safe.

My words are the clear expression of the unbiased principles of all those patriots who have lived and died for the glory and permanency of this great republic. They have no aim but to repeat those sentiments, sanctified by the lives of our great statesmen, to whose

sagacity we owe our happiness. And among all these, no one has voiced these sacred principles so clearly, so fearlessly, so uncompromisingly, whatever the results, as the great, judicial, impartial, big-hearted and cool-headed statesman, who now presides over the destinies of the United States of America, our President.

LESSONS OF ALMA MATER[1]

I AM happy to return to my Alma Mater to-day, to receive her congratulations, and to renew the memories of those early days which laid the foundation of whatever I have accomplished since.

It is pleasant now to review the early successes which stimulated me to better work. During all my school days, wherever spent, I had never been an idler. And I still possess the trophies of hard-fought battles whose field was the classroom. I am prouder of them now even than I was then, for they mean far more. I have no regrets over time lost during my student days. For then, as now, I loved work, and it made me happy then as it has ever since.

My life as a student in this institution was one long sunny day. I never had a professor here who was not as kind as a father. I never had a schoolmate here who was not an upright and honorable youth. From the day of my entrance I was a competitor for the scholastic honors, and I won more than my due share of the highest of them. But in all the competition there was no antagonism. And my rivals remained then, as now, among my best friends.

For that was the distinctive spirit of this college, and I think of every Jesuit college. I had been a student elsewhere, and certainly that large manly spirit of honorable competition was often conspicuous by absence. And when I compared the spirit of these colleges in maturer

[1] At Boston College, Tuesday, March 19, 1912.

years, I could understand well that the difference was not merely accidental. There was something in the atmosphere and training which made the difference, and that training had its effects. I have been in many a competition since my college days, and I find that men do not leave the influence of their college atmosphere behind them in the school.

If that has been petty, they are very apt to be petty, too; not bearing defeat like men, willing to give and take in life's battle, but cherishing the peevishness against their rivals that our boys here would be ashamed of.

That is not a small difference in college training: it is a very essential difference. And I am proud to say that both here and in the American College at Rome the training developed the sort of manhood which can win without elation and lose without peevishness.

I was fortunate enough to escape the other sort of college spirit early in my scholastic days, and I am grateful for the illness which was its accidental cause. That is the proud tradition of this college, a spirit of rivalry into which no bitterness enters.

As a student here, I loved this college dearly, too, for the manly freedom it inculcated. I saw in those in charge the very highest type of manhood, clear-headed, high-minded, saintly but normal men.

I never heard here anything but sane, sensible principles of conduct. My professors had voluntarily accepted a hard and narrow path of sublime renunciation. But they never imposed unnecessary burdens upon others. Whatever was lawful was allowed. I had had earlier experiences which were more puritanic and Jansenistic than Catholic. At every move we were confronted with some unnecessary and unwarranted "Don't," until our

youthful life was made wellnigh a burden; with the result that both soul and body became cramped. On the very first day of my entrance here I recognized the different atmosphere. The only "Don't" I heard was "Don't sin." The very air of the place breathed liberty, and with all that freedom I have never known, either before or since, better men or more dutiful Catholics than my fellow students of Boston College.

That very atmosphere of manly rivalry and Christian liberty begot another splendid quality, fearlessness for right. We never knew what it meant to be afraid of speaking out when duty demanded it. As this college never bred a beaten rival who whimpered, never a Tartuffe in embryo, neither had we any moral cowards among our fellow students. As everything in the place conduced to frankness and honesty of word and deed, we cared absolutely nothing for that mean spirit of astuteness which poses often as prudence, but in reality is only paltry cowardice.

We were taught to love honor and honesty, not by tedious exhortations, but by example. We were moved daily to greater love for our Church and our faith by the manly virtue of the men who lived only for both.

The squeamish, fretful scrupulosity of the mere pietist was unknown here. We never saw a pious angle or a sanctimonious pose. It would have been laughed out of bounds in an atmosphere so genuinely Catholic. These importations could never thrive on this soil, and the only effect they ever produced was the Pharisee who balked at gnats and swallowed camels.

Healthy, sane, normal manhood, — that was the natural product of our Alma Mater, then as now. And along with that the genuine kind of Catholicity which does not

wear off by contact with life, but which with time grows more and more real until it becomes the very man himself. Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper. These are your traditions, inherited in this college. Cherish them and absorb them. Win if you can, but be a man still if beaten, and have the manhood even to give your hand to the victor. Be straight and frank — Uriah Heeps belong elsewhere. Boston College never produced one.

And then be a courageous Catholic. There is not a man in Massachusetts who will not respect you for the courage of your honest convictions. Know your civic duties and practice them. Know also your civic rights and demand them. Remember that the man of education has special responsibilities as a citizen. He ought never to follow or lead a mob. He must think, and then act in reason. The Church is waiting for you, — she needs you sorely. Men of principle, men of honor, men of faith, men of God, the world is clamoring for such, — the Church is praying for such.

Come to us soon. You who now listen, must soon speak. You who now learn, must soon teach. You who now study, must soon act. To speak, to teach, to do for God and Eternity, that is the aim of your years of training here. Boston College has no wealth. She is poorer than you. But this she gives you above all value, — your faith undimmed, your mind trained to understand duty, your heart pure to follow Christ. Do this and our Alma Mater will not have borne you in vain.

CATHOLIC MOTHERS[1]

I AM profoundly grateful for the sentiments expressed by all the speakers, and for the cordial and joyful recognition on the part of my fellow alumni of my elevation to the sublime dignity of the Cardinalate. It is rare, if not unique, in history that a college so young should enjoy such a distinction. And the honor which our beloved Holy Father has conferred upon me is shared by every son of our Alma Mater.

In other times when the sovereign dignity of a cardinal gave him sovereign means as well as great burdens, he founded institutions of learning and charity. Some of the greatest universities owe their origin and growth to the princely munificence of a cardinal protector. But in these troublous times, when the Church's chief shepherd is surrounded by conditions which he himself has called intolerable, when not the princely state, but the grave burdens of the Cardinalate are conspicuous, the chief glory of the Cardinal's lofty office is that of endeavoring to lighten the awful load of responsibility which weighs upon the aged shoulders of his Sovereign Pontiff, by assuaging with filial love and devotion the sorrow with which his enemies and the Church's foes have filled his cup to overflowing.

Unless the increased cardinalitial honors given to America mean increased love and devotion to the papacy and Pius X, unless more than ever the good and loyal

[1] Boston College Alumni Banquet at Hotel Somerset, Monday, June 10, 1912.

Catholic men of this Diocese realize the tremendous prestige before the whole world which the elevation has brought them, then vain is our passing joy and vain our little empty glory.

I have the fullest confidence in the sturdy faith of the men of this great Diocese. And my chief reason for confidence is that they are the sons of such saintly Catholic mothers. Those noble women have known what sacrifices loyal Catholicity requires. They have met the rigid demands of unswerving faith nobly, and without compromise. The sons of such mothers will surely never falter. The flattery of public office, the miserable bartering of principles for a momentary popularity, will never take root in the hearts of those men whose mothers would rather go without bread than yield their Catholic allegiance.

Your Christian mothers are the best guarantee of your fidelity. You know that while they live you dare not shame them by an act of disloyalty to faith, and when they are dead the memory of their wonderful and holy spirit of devotion to their Church will save you from many a snare set for the feet of those who value meat above life, and raiment above the body.

Our Alma Mater is one of these wonderful Catholic mothers. She knows what poverty and sacrifice mean. She has felt the pinch of want, and she has worn the blanched cheek of anxiety. But these are the very things for which we love our mother most of all. The days of anxious care have only made us the gladder now that she sits upon the hills in the beauty of raiment which is her traditional inheritance.

How much more beautiful that Gothic raiment of hers is because no legacy of tainted gold has purchased it,

because it is her very own, not all paid for yet, but her bond is good because her good name is unsullied. She is the good Catholic mother of all here, — Cardinal and Bishop, and judge, and merchant, and teacher.

Long may her lofty towers point heavenward. Long may her walls guard wisdom, and her portals open wide to centuries of youth in search of truth, natural and revealed.

May we all remember her as our common Christian mother, to whose growing name and increasing honor our lives and deeds must add some little contribution of glory and renown. For we are hers — and she is Christ's.

PREPARATION FOR LIFE[1]

ANOTHER scholastic year with all its beautiful hopes and promise opens out before you. The Holy Spirit of God, whose aid and assistance we have all invoked, still hovers here, waiting to give to your minds the true light of knowledge, and to your hearts the fire of zeal for truth and goodness. Your faith tells you who is the Author of all wisdom, and you know that the man who studies by the light of faith has a sure and safe guide.

Sane doctrine, a logical mind, holy thoughts, and noble lives, these are the principal and leading results of your training here. Sow well now during these years of preparation that you may reap a rich harvest in later years. Study, work, and play; do, to the best of your ability, the duty of the hour, conscious always that your fidelity in each small duty is building up your character into the type of Christian manhood which the world and the Church need. Ask God each day to lead you into that place in life where you can serve Him best. Pray each day that you may know His will, that you may know your vocation, and faithfully follow His voice. The Church is waiting for you. The world, too, needs you. Only those who fit themselves for duty in either case do good service.

Here no advantage, no opportunity, is lacking to make you capable, intelligent, and conscientious men. Use every opportunity, embrace every advantage; and thus, at the completion of your studies, you will be well prepared for the life which awaits your energies, and God will be with you in all your years.

[1] To students at Boston College, September 25, 1912.

THE PARISH CHURCH[1]

In creating St. Benedict's parish the Archbishop of the Diocese effectually disposed of one cause of anxiety in his office of caring for souls. For years the problem had clamored for solution and still remained unsolved. The people of this district were thus obliged to travel a great distance, or be deprived of the consolations which religion alone can give.

When, therefore, the parish lines were finally drawn, a site selected, and an energetic rector named, I felt easier and happier in mind. I knew that the very presence of this church, the presence of our Divine Lord among the people, would be for this whole district a consolation and a stimulus for better and holier living. There is nothing like the Church and the priest for establishing the home sentiment and the spirit of good order in any community.

The cross in the tower speaks to every one who passes of self-control and self-denial. The words of good counsel spoken here Sunday after Sunday, but more even than words, the good example of the priest living amid his flock, works always silently but efficaciously. And the Holy Mass, more than all else, daily offered upon the altar, diffuses over a wide radius myriad blessings upon all the people.

In establishing a new parish I always feel that I have done a good thing for religion, and in doing that I have

[1] The dedication of St. Benedict's Church, Somerville, Sunday, October 20, 1912.

also benefited the whole district in which the church is established.

Thus the work now well begun will, with God's blessing, go happily on. Priests and people will reap untold benefits from the zeal, the sacrifice, and the labor which such beginnings entail.

May the efforts of your energetic pastor be heartily seconded by all, so that here, where one of my predecessors found his heaviest cross and the community felt a pang of shame, now in the perpetuation of his name we may all hope for the glory which springs from tribulation and the happiness which follows grief nobly borne.

UNIVERSITY OF CHRISTIAN TRUTH[1]

This edifice, dedicated to the glory of God, is one of the most beautiful monuments of this city. Its architecture brings us back to the time when the Church all over Europe, but especially in Italy, was the chief patron of art. Then it was the municipalities and the princes who, under the Church's direction, erected those beautiful temples which are the glory of all time.

Now it is the people who by the fruits of their hard labor make it possible for the Church to build such temples as this, less rich, perhaps, in art, but richer infinitely in the burning devotion to the faith of a sturdy Catholic people.

Without the faith and the zeal which inspire these works of God, the mere material edifice is of little significance. But it is precisely because of the people's unbounded love for their Church that these walls are animated things, giving glory to God and bringing rest and happiness to those who come here to breathe the atmosphere of heaven.

But far more than a mere inspiration of art is this temple. It is the dwelling-place of Truth. Christ commanded His Apostles to teach all nations and all men. And this church is one of the halls of that great university of Christian Truth, the Catholic Church.

In these days, when even in the highest institutions of learning the plain truths of history referring to Christ

[1] Dedication of St. John's Church, North Cambridge, November 3, 1912.

and His Church are neglected and misinterpreted; when, by a strange misconception of the meaning of true learning, the glory of the greatest event history has ever recorded, the life and work of Christ, is ignored or belittled or denied, here is erected a chair whence the truth of all these things is upheld and published.

May God's blessing rest upon this place, that priests and people may here listen not to the passing vanity of the hour, but to the eternal word of God.

CATHOLIC UNITY[1]

I AM deeply touched by the cordial sentiments expressed so beautifully in the two addresses: the first, by your pastor, in behalf of the clergy; and the second, by Mr. O'Neil, in behalf of the laity of this parish. Such filial and affectionate marks of appreciation of the efforts I have made for the advance and progress of the Church, and of our beloved people, are a great solace and encouragement.

How much has really been accomplished none of us really knows. It is, no doubt, much less than your kind hearts in their indulgence appraise it, and, on the other hand, it may be in some ways even more than we realize. For whatever has been the harvest already gathered, even greater and richer sheaves are growing, which will, we trust, be gathered by the generation which comes after us. All we can do is to be industrious husbandmen; prompt to gather and garner the fruit as it ripens, and sow again the seed, so that posterity will reap even a more abundant harvest than we are gathering.

But of one thing we feel sure, that be that harvest what it may no one can accuse the chief shepherd of this Diocese of either indifference or idleness. Constant work, an ever-increasing toil for my people, for their spiritual welfare and their temporal progress, have been my daily motto.

And, thank God, we are beginning even now to enjoy

[1] Dedication of St. Hugh's Church, Roxbury, Sunday, November 16, 1912.

many conspicuous results of that industry in the splendid solidarity of our Catholic spirit manifested in the lives of our good people, in their attitude towards all that concerns the faith, and also, and as a sequel to that, their undeniable progress in sharing the responsibilities and the honors of civic life.

The Catholic who lives by the principles of his Christian faith is equal to any responsibility. It is only when he forgets his spiritual duty that the responsibilities of life are also forgotten. As Catholics we are less anxious to secure any civic office or honor than we are to see that when it comes it is borne with honor and credit to the whole community.

Let us every day learn better the blessings which unity brings, — unity in faith around our altars, unity in coöperation with our spiritual fathers, unity in the working out of our souls' salvation and the perfection of God's plans for our Church and our people. When every son of this great religious family has learned that lesson and has begun to practice it, the dream of our fathers will be realized, and our Church and our faith will receive from all even here the honor which they so well deserve.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE HOLY SEE[1]

THE Catholic Union, and all that it stands for, is an association dear to the heart of the Archbishop of this Diocese. Its very birth and origin was a protest on the part of the Catholics of this Diocese against the violation of the inalienable rights of the Sovereign Pontiff and the independence of the Holy See.

You say well, Mr. President, that the Catholic Union, together with the whole Catholic world, will never cease to protest against the present intolerable position of the Holy Father until justice is rendered to the August Head of the Church, and until that autonomy and independence necessary for the freedom of action of the Holy See in all that concerns the life and activity of our Holy Religion at its center be restored to it.

No single power can ever deal with a question which by its very nature is not a national issue, but a matter of international consideration and deliberation.

Such, by its very nature, is the question of the place of the papacy among the governments of all Christian people, and the three hundred millions of Catholics throughout the world can never supinely accept as a permanent solution of this question, which vitally concerns each one of them, any condition which hinders or obstructs the absolute freedom of the August Head of their religion.

The greatest statesmen of every age and every country have attested to the necessity of recognizing the sov-

[1] At the reception given by the Catholic Union of Boston, November 18, 1912.

ereign power of the papacy. And we are confident that until this great world-question is met honestly and squarely, and is dealt with upon the high basis of international harmony and well-being, the nations themselves who stand in the way of a just settlement of this most important problem will be the chief sufferers.

Meanwhile, we again raise our united voices to deplore the violation of those rights of the Sovereign Pontiff without which, notwithstanding all shallow platitudes, the Head of the Church of Christ is a prisoner, unable to exercise those very influences which would infallibly redound to the good of all governments, and the welfare of civil society the whole world over.

This is our immutable attitude as Catholics. If statesmen little moved by other considerations than international expediency realize the logic of it, we, as loyal children of the See of Peter, affirm it as part and parcel of our Christian inheritance.

"Heaven and earth shall pass, but my word shall not pass." The face of the nations shifts and is changed. National boundaries vary, are increased and diminished, but the dignity and authority of the Vicar of Christ changes never, and his inalienable rights as Head of God's Kingdom on earth will never be yielded, until on the last day Christ, our Lord, comes in person to vindicate His own. On this ground the Union came into existence. Here we still stand. To God we trust the cause of God; but our loyalty, our prayers, our aid shall ever be the consolation of the Father of Christendom, who, under sad conditions, is bearing the heavy burden of the Church Universal, and who, nobly and with the courage of a Christian martyr, is withstanding the violence of Christ's enemies.

And now, if we turn from the saddening conditions which beset the Holy See and direct our gaze homeward, we have every reason to rejoice in the wonderful progress which is visible nowhere in all the Christian world more than in this Archdiocese. Sunday after Sunday, for several months, new churches have been completed and dedicated to God for the worship of ever multiplying congregations of faithful children of the Church. Every succeeding year witnesses a phenomenal growth in the institutions of learning and of charity, each outgrowing its former home, and all developing into mighty and glorious monuments of Catholic knowledge and Christian helpfulness.

Associations of good men and gentle women are laboring in every field to welcome the newly arrived immigrants, and freely and generously they give of their time and their energy to care for the spiritual and bodily welfare of these people, and to train up the children to be good Catholics and good citizens. The poor and the needy, the sick and the aged, all have their wants abundantly provided for by the unstinted labors of saintly sisters and brothers, and by the generosity of a warm-hearted and hospitable people.

All Sunday long the churches are filled to the doors with fervent worshipers, and thousands upon thousands receive frequently the Bread of Eternal Life. The constantly increasing numbers of the faithful, and their anxiety to receive all sacramental aid, tax to the utmost capacity the energies of an untiring priesthood.

The great work done by Catholic Federation, carried on by zealous lecturers who are listened to with absorbing interest by great gatherings, is extending the contagion of its zeal to the ends of the Diocese. The priests and people

of ten nationalities are living and working here with admirable harmony under our jurisdiction and direction.

Institutions not long since staggering under enormous burdens are now free from debt and are flourishing with new life and vigor. Only a week ago one of our most esteemed merchants, an ex-president of this Union, provided generously a home and a resting place for those overburdened and fatigued. Only a week ago we opened the foundations of a great Catholic hospital.

Nearly every hilltop is now crowned with a new architectural glory, — Boston College, the Passionist Monastery, the Cenacle Convent, — all proclaim life, energy, and unceasing growth and activity, and there are others yet to come.

Recently, the beautiful villa at Gloucester, which was the gift of a friend, I turned over to the good Sisters as a place of rest and recuperation when worn out by their labors in the schools; and only yesterday I purchased a beautiful estate at Plymouth, which is now being put in readiness for our good priests, who from time to time so much need rest and relaxation from the strain of constant anxiety and fatigue.

Add to this the leagues, the confraternities, the numberless centers of Catholic work and Catholic action, and some idea may be had of the sincerity, the vitality, the faith and charity of those who go to make up this Archdiocese, now by the august favor of Pius the Tenth ranked among the greatest metropolitan sees of the world. It is only when on occasions like this we stop for a moment to survey the activities of our great and flourishing Diocese that we can realize how fast it is growing, how steadily it is developing, and how devotedly and unceasingly it is attended and cared for.

Reflect for an instant upon what all this means. Think for a moment of its millions of souls, each one needing care and instruction and sacramental aid. Consider for an instant the thousands who throng our institutions, each one looking for aid and solace and comfort in trial. Have you ever before considered what perfection of discipline and order is necessary that each and all may go well and prosper? And have you ever before reflected that for all this order and harmony and good discipline, in the last resort the Archbishop of the Diocese must hold himself responsible?

All these cares must, in the event of aught going awry, revert to him. He must keep ever a vigilant eye and a clear vision, not merely of all these things in the mass, as you do now, but of things and persons in detail. Every day needs a new supervision if growth is to be met with proper development. Every priest and religious in charge of the countless phases of activity must sooner or later report to him of order or disorder, of growth or decay.

Think now for a moment of the inevitable catastrophe were not each link of that long chain welded together in the strength of unity. It is our Catholic spirit of united action, — each in his own sphere and all under the spiritual head of the Diocese, — it is this alone which enables us to do what no other organization in the world can ever hope to do, — great miracles of labor for God and humanity.

Unity is the Catholic watchword. In that sense the whole Church Universal is a Catholic Union. Nowhere, thank God, more than here among us, does this sacred virtue reside, consecrating the labors of all, prelate, priest, and people, and bringing forth such wonderful results.

In that holy unity let us look the future squarely in the face. United thus, we may behold the promise of a great and bountiful harvest.

I thank you, Mr. President, for the devotion and affection which in your own name, and in the name of the Union, you so filially offer me. As your Archbishop, I have absolutely only one end in view, only one purpose in all that I do. That is, to point out to every Catholic of this Diocese the path which our Holy Faith illumines through this mortal life, and which alone leads to a blessed immortality; to make that faith which is our greatest inheritance better known and better loved; to show, side by side with our supernatural destiny, the only real way by which our beloved people may rise to the place which surely God will give them here in this life, if they stand by their Catholic principles and Catholic ideals, equally unmoved by cheap patronizing on the one hand, and by ignorant intolerance on the other, claiming no privilege and accepting nothing short of justice. We have even in the brief space of these few years made undoubted and admitted progress in religious activity and public prestige.

As your spiritual leader, it is my duty to speak as plainly as language permits when any danger to the flock lurks within the fold or confronts us from without. Thank God, I do not know what fear means when there is a clear duty to perform either in reprimand, rebuke, or resistance to the evil influences of self-made leaders, whose sole purpose it is, no matter what their unctuous pretensions, to weaken discipline and utterly destroy Catholic unity. The place to believe as one likes, and to create factions for personal motives, is not the Catholic Church. And while I have a voice to raise, it will be

lifted loud and strong against such interlopers and disturbers of the peace of God's House and Kingdom.

The very shrewdest maneuver of the Church's foes, one which has always operated with the greatest success, is that by which the prestige and dignity of the spiritual authority of the Bishop are diminished and lessened, and in its place thrones are set up for those who intrude themselves into the sacred precincts, where they have neither sacred nor human right to stand. This is a trick as old as the Church herself. Be warned and be on guard against it. Let no astute flattery of those whose faith is only a figment deceive you. Its purpose is all too clear. And the shepherd will not fail fearlessly to hurl his staff when the protection of the unsuspecting flock requires defense.

Of one thing I know you are well assured, — the chief shepherd of this Diocese, unmoved either by fear or favor, while ever striving to live in peaceful harmony with all about him, will never rest, and never cease his labors for the advancement of his people and his flock, until he has done his share to bring them by instruction, by discipline, and by affectionate, if at times sturdy guidance, into their rightful place here in New England. That place is not an inferior corner of Toleration, but straight, out in the open forum of perfect equality with the best.

Such from the beginning has been my aim. And let me say it clearly, if we come short of its attainment it will not be from the opposition of outsiders. There are thousands of good men, neither of our faith or our race, who are as eager and anxious for that day as you or I can ever be. It will be, and can only be, because of division in your own ranks, — the jealousy of the petty, and the pusillanimity of the weak ones in faith and manly

hope, who in every stage of the Church's progress have blocked the way far more than any phantoms of opposition, or any phalanx of open enemies.

Stand firm, look upward and march onward together. God is with us. And if we do our share manfully, His blessing will bring its sure and bountiful triumph.

The occasion of this gathering is certainly a happy one, since its purpose is to mark the first anniversary of my elevation to the Sacred Purple of the Cardinalate.

This sublime dignity conferred upon the Archbishop of Boston by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius the Tenth, has brought to this See and this city a glory and a fame which hitherto had been reserved for only the great cities of Europe and the two great Sees of America, one the oldest in ecclesiastical life, the other the greatest in commercial activity.

We may, therefore, well be permitted to rejoice that the labors of the Archbishop, nobly aided by the coöperation of priests and people, have turned hither the approving eye of Christ's Vicar, and prompted him to number Boston with Paris, London, and Vienna in the distribution of the very highest rank and dignity which, as Sovereign and Supreme Pontiff, he may confer.

To Pius the Tenth we send our most filial and affectionate greeting, and we beg him to bless him whom he has honored; and may this See of Boston, with its million devoted and ardent Catholic souls united in closest bonds to its Archbishop, and through him to the Vicar of Christ, go on ever increasing in merit before God and honor before all men.

THANKSGIVING IDEALS[1]

THANKSGIVING DAY means that the American people recognize a guiding divinity.

The annual proclamation of a day of thanksgiving is the expression of the national consciousness that not only as individuals, but as a people, we are in the hands of an all-wise and infinitely loving Father, who, whether by manifold blessings or occasional afflictions, is shaping our history in such ways as may further the beneficent purposes of His Providence.

In the rush of everyday existence it might seem to a critical observer that we were a materialistic people engrossed in selfish pursuits, mad with the race for money, delirious from gigantic success, and worshiping only the god of our own power and genius.

But on Thanksgiving Day, when the whir of industry ceases and the busy mart is still, the nation stops to think.

Its religious spirit asserts itself.

The thousand-voiced prayer of the churches and the proclamations of President and Governors speak the nation's grateful acknowledgment of God's tender mercies and countless benefactions.

Appropriately does the State, whose province is the temporal welfare of humanity, turn its grateful eyes upon these things which benefit man in his temporal career, and bids us each in his own way, and after his

[1] This article appeared in the special Thanksgiving number of the New York *World* on Sunday, November 24, 1912.

own manner, offer to the Almighty fervent thanks for all those blessings showered upon the land, making the footstool of the Omnipotent a happy abode for man.

Gratitude to the giver implies consideration of the gift. To return thanks while we trample the gift beneath our feet is insult, not gratitude. The thanksgiving that is to be more than mere lip-service must begin with a consideration of those gifts which we receive and end with a better use of them.

With truth, indeed, can God say of this country, "What is there I should have done for my vineyard and not done?"

All that men prize in human life is here, — territory that is vastness itself in extent, a fertile soil, a favoring climate, a wealth of rivers, the touch of two mighty oceans, mountains that rise in majestic beauty, and lakes that are almost seas, and, hidden in the very depths of the earth, the rich ores that yield prosperity, and the black crystals that give up to man the power to turn a million wheels and illumine a thousand cities.

When, indeed, we look abroad over this vast country of ours we must feel a natural pride at being citizens of a land so extensive, so full of prosperity and happiness.

When we see with what rapid strides it marches on in the paths of every branch of human industry, how it has overtaken and even surpassed in some respects the course of nations centuries older; when we see her people content and prosperous, her institutions flourishing and growing in strength and stability, is it not natural to speak of her in pride and admiration and to invite others to come and behold her beauty and strength, to see for themselves the signs of her greatness and the promise of still greater achievements?

No one in Europe any longer doubts the important place which our beloved country holds among the great nations of the earth, — a position which every year is growing in glory and universal significance.

The great ways of trade and commerce are constantly growing higher and broader.

The American tourist finds his way to every nook and corner of Europe.

Our adopted citizens, in their constant visits to their old homes, carry back with them tales of plenty, of freedom, and of prosperity.

Many of the great families of Europe, wielding tremendous influence of prestige and power, are half American.

And all these things have their influence upon the minds of European statesmen, philosophers, and financiers.

America can never again be ignored. She stands firm in her place, and henceforth must be respected and reckoned with.

The Church recognizes and takes occasion to hold up for the imitation of other peoples the noble spirit of the United States.

She finds here that rarest of combinations, liberty without license and authority without despotism.

It has been said that ideas rule the world. This is not strictly accurate. It is ideals by which the world is governed.

For ideas are but conceptions of themselves, stationary, inactive. But when the idea is moved into activity by a power which has embodied it, then alone is there reality, life, action.

Individuals form a nation; and such as is the sum total of individuals, so shall also the nation be. If the ideas

of the individuals be base or mean, the ideal of the nation will be the same; and sooner or later she will perish in her iniquity and her name become a jest and a byword.

But if the ideal of the nation be for justice and right, she will, by the power of God, stand up great and strong on the earth that God shall give her.

Of this let every one be certain: each of us individually contributes to the glory or the shame of the nation to which we belong. Not he alone who sits in power, but he who is the humblest laborer in the land has his share in the making of his country's honor; and so on all rests a responsibility varying in degree, from which none is exempt. God has given to each his special sphere, his particular work to do; and the work of each well done fits into the design of the whole plan and completes the whole.

Of all the gifts of heaven to any land the good citizen is the greatest and the best.

Every citizen, every man living, can help his fellow man in the hard battle of life. I would sum it all up in one word, — if you are well up the ladder, turn and give a hand as you rest a moment to those below you; if you have your feet as yet only on the lower rungs, take the hand offered to you, but do not pull down those above you.

For life is a ladder because God made it so; and the man who would convert it into a moving staircase, upon which men have merely to stand and the machinery will do the rest, has a degraded notion of life's possibilities and duties.

Here, then, on this coming Thanksgiving Day, in charity, in Christian ideals, in our common Americanism, is a platform on which we all can stand.

Though in creed we differ, yet we all may work in harmony for the true interests of our country, the reign of civic purity, of effective administration, of equal opportunity to all, of justice to every class.

Shoulder to shoulder let us work unceasingly for the preservation of those deeper sources of national greatness, — the rectitude of individual life, the sacredness of the family, the spread of education, and the triumph of religion.

THE COUNTRY BOY[1]

JUST one year ago to-day occurred the public consistory at which the Holy Father deigned to create me a cardinal of Holy Church. To-day, therefore, is the first anniversary of that historic event, and I have come to celebrate it with you; to say to you, good men of Plymouth County, an encouraging word, and one that I trust will rouse in you still more the Catholic faith which is your sacred inheritance.

I fear that perhaps at times you may be led to imagine that because of the distance from the center of the See you have less a share in our watchful care and fatherly anxiety; but believe me, nothing could be farther from the truth. The occasions which bring me among you may be rare, but you are always in my thoughts, in my prayers, and in my heart.

Many of your members have been known to me personally for a long time, and they are good types of the best that Catholic training produces. The Catholic of this part of the Diocese, if he be Catholic at all, is Catholic through and through, and the equal in ability, in sobriety, and in faith to any other of the children of the Church throughout the Archdiocese.

Good men of the stamp of Mr. Donovan and Mr. Mulready and Mr. Kent, whether they live in Plymouth County or in Suffolk County, are an honor to both Church

[1] At a reception given Cardinal O'Connell, on the first anniversary of his elevation to the sacred purple, by the Cardinal O'Connell District Assembly of the Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, Brockton, November 27, 1912.

and State. And I know there are many Donovans, Mulreadys, and Kents here among you.

There is a tendency, perhaps, among those who inhabit the smaller towns and rural districts to underrate their own importance. They may at times falsely imagine that the obscurity into which the proximity of a great metropolis tends to thrust them belittles the extent of their own influence for good.

In the excess of their modesty they are apt to consider that that influence counts for little. The glamour of the great city has at times the effect of making them appear to be of small importance in the great mass of life and activity of the State and the nation.

But I have come here to-night to emphasize the truth of the very opposite position. And in doing so, I hope to make you realize that in everything that goes to make up the best elements of influence upon which the life of great cities and states depends, the men of the small towns and rural districts play a very exalted part.

If you turn over the pages of history, you will find that the real leaders in the building up and the conservation and the government of the great metropolises of the world were men from the towns and rural districts. And, along the same line of argument, I wish to-night to impress upon you that precisely because you live at a distance from the turmoil and the din of the city streets, the Church depends upon you for qualities of immense value in her progress to victory.

There is something in the pure air, the broad horizon, the clear sky of the open fields, and the gently sloping hills which lie far beyond the walls of a great city, that gets into the very fiber of the brain, into the marrow of the bone and the muscles of the heart; something which

forever after will stand in good stead the man who faces the battle of life, and even against great odds is determined to win himself a place in the world.

The freedom of the winds works itself into his very soul, and the strength of the sturdy oak is a constant influence upon the mind and character of the country lad. The freshness of the early morning, the limpid clearness of the brooks upon whose banks his youth is passed get in him steady nerves and clear vision. Forever after he is more ready for a struggle, his courage lasts longer, he works harder, he perseveres more persistently because his playground has been the open fields, and not the petty boundaries of a city square.

When one day the youth from the country appears on the streets of a great metropolis where he is determined to carve out for himself a path in life, his muscles are strong, his heart sound, and his will iron. The city boy may smile at his clumsy gait and bashful ways, but in a very short time the boy from the country, by the strength of his untrammeled spirit and the freshness of vigor within him, goes straight on his way to splendid success, leaving those who smiled at his accent and shyness far behind him in the race.

Look over the names of the most successful merchants, bankers, and lawyers in all the large cities. The great majority of them were country boys. The shy little man of yesterday, apparently so timid and awkward and self-conscious, is the prosperous merchant of to-morrow. The little chap who entered the big city with queer clothes and clumsy boots a few years ago, without much else than the sturdiness which the country had given him, has become the great leader in many walks of life.

And were it not for this continual influx of the simple

character, straight and strong, from the hills and fields, the very prosperity of our great centers would suffer enormous diminution.

In a certain sense, it is true that a large city possesses many advantages for preparation in life. It is also true that it has certain undeniable disadvantages. In some things, the early life of the city boy, instead of being broadened and enlarged for opportunity, is in reality only dwarfed. The very greatness of his surroundings not infrequently oppresses him, and diminishes his vision of life in the larger aspect.

I am sure that often the poor boy of Boston and New York is apt to take Beacon Hill and Fifth Avenue altogether too seriously. They are regions beyond his world. If he saunters through them, their grandeur overawes him. He hears them talked about, and he reads about them as if they were special realms of bliss, until they become a fetish to his imagination.

Unconsciously, under this spell he is affected by the very names of streets and districts, and this false attitude may become for him later on in life a positive handicap. He accepts altogether too readily as essential certain differences which are purely accidental. The sense of inferiority becomes a serious weight and burden in his way through life, and until he rids himself of it it is bound to unconsciously hamper his whole career.

The boy of Boston or New York who takes it for granted that Beacon Hill or Fifth Avenue is, in the things which really matter, superior to South Boston or the East Side has unwillingly surrendered himself to a phantom, which again and again will play him many a sorry trick, because it begins by false guidance in a system of shallow weights and false measures, and in merely super-

ficial standards, which must eventually rob him of the greatest strength he can possess, — simple genuineness, a respect for himself as well as for others.

Too often the city boy labors under a spell which is in reality a myth. He loses, by consequence, honest independence of view. The most provincial man I ever met was a native of a great metropolis. His range of vision terminated with the limits of his own city. Everything beyond it was the country; that, to him, meant the region of nowhere; every one who lived outside its borders was a country man, that to him meant something to smile at.

He was so provincial that he never awoke to the fact that the Governor of his State and the Mayor of his city were born far from the metropolis, in the wilds of the unpeopled country towns.

All this is an influence so narrowing, so petty, that until he rids himself of it by growth and experience, the city boy remains bound hand and foot in the meshes of a net which hinders any real development in life.

Now, the country-bred boy knows little and cares less for all these artificial standards. He is neither impressed nor overawed by the names of people or streets. He knows a good man and a fine house when he sees them, and he puts his own value upon both, but the estimate is his own, and is not suggested or dictated by a myth.

There is something in the homespun genuineness of his character that helps open-mindedness. He is willing to believe that his neighbor at work is of superior clay when that neighbor by his deeds has proved it, but only then. He will find many a strong and good man who was delicately reared. And he will respect him not because of the name of his street, or his club, or his college, but because he is a square fellow. Whether the names of his

associates are in the blue book or in the green book will be a matter of supreme indifference.

All this is of immense advantage to a man at the beginning of his career, and all the way through it, because it liberates him from the incubus with which too often mere names and mythical standards beset the city man, who has allowed the social columns of the Sunday paper to get into any corner of his brain except the funny lobe.

For often the city boy is the victim of the vulgar materialism of the city atmosphere, in which the talk is only money and the language is dollar signs. It would be a miracle if something of this innovating, enervating germ did not get into his moral system and rob him of his honest manliness.

The chase for silly social pleasures, the ceaseless haunting of the theater and ballroom sap unconsciously the sturdiness of a boy's character. His energies are divided, his purposes are blasted, he is too distracted to remain fixed in mind and heart upon the true standards of life. And he loses the very best stimulus to success in this perpetual dawdling between work and play, with a desire for play fast growing uppermost.

The boy of the small center of the rural town is spared much of this. And as a consequence, he retains greater powers of concentration, greater resistance to fatigue, a clearer head to plan, and a steadier hand to accomplish. The city too often destroys, — the country has the secret of building up.

What would become of the cities were it not that they are constantly recruited from the sturdy homes of the country?

And along these same lines we may argue that the

faithful, hardy, strong-hearted Catholic men and women, whose lives are in the free air and open sky of country influences, will be the best hope of religious regeneration.

The backbone of the Church is not that portion of her children who have been bitten by the contagion of vulgar show and silly ambitions for a semi-pagan social life. It is in the sturdy home life of the simple, God-loving people such as our fathers, whether in heart or in distance from the artificial standards which too often constitute the city atmosphere and environments.

In the country towns about us, religion is even now not too easy. Without effort there is no help in the physical frame. The very lack of too great facility is often a good thing. Your very difficulties and the very hostility about you are not without good results upon your religious character. It has made you realize that your faith is worth fighting for. The animosity of the Puritan was never a pleasant thing; in fact, there was scarcely anything about the Puritan that could really and with entire justice be called pleasant.

But the very barrenness of the soil of New England preserved the rugged character which went so far in building up this State to be what it is, — great among all her sisters.

So, too, the chill of Puritanism only served to fan into a brighter glow the fires of our beautiful Catholic worship.

So, my good sons of Plymouth County, far from being an inconsiderable element in the welfare of our great Diocese, you are really a very important portion of its hopes. Keep, for service in the life and activity of your Church, the sterling manhood which the towns and villages have

given you. Wander not after the worship of the false gods of the great cities' byways.

Learn from the Puritan something of his rugged steadfastness. The sweet faith of our Holy Church will transform it into Christian fortitude warmed by charity. And remember always — not less than any other — the Catholic men of Plymouth County will always have a very warm place in my heart.

FIDELITY TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD[1]

ALTHOUGH I came here this morning with the intention of assisting at this significant service and not to speak to you, nevertheless, during the Mass, the devotion and the occasion so deeply impressed me that I feel compelled to say a few words.

There were several engagements which I was to have kept this morning, but I deliberately put them aside to come here to assist, good Knights of Columbus, in this memorial service for your beloved dead in old St. Stephen's Church. This occasion in a certain sense seemed to me more in keeping with the day, both civil and ecclesiastical, than anything else; for the spirit of the day, civilly, is to recall the great and glorious memory of our first President, and the spirit of the Church is to recall and venerate the place where St. Peter first exercised his priestly authority over the whole Church, — the See of Antioch. Both civilly and ecclesiastically, therefore, the sacredness and fidelity of love and devotion to the memory of our dead and fidelity and loyalty to the places whence they sprung, and the noble influences which have made the world better, are the spirit of the day.

I see in this occasion, in this gathering, and in this place, summed up the beauty of both these sentiments. The love which the nation naturally bears toward the greatest man in its whole history, the founder of the great

[1] At Mass for deceased Knights of Columbus in St. Stephen's Church, February 22, 1913.

nation that is now the United States of America, the man who fought for it, who gave of his life's best efforts for it, who governed and ruled it with such splendid wisdom; certainly, while the nation lives, while an American lives, the memory of Washington must be kept sacred.

Now, it is precisely that spirit of love and devotion to those whom we have loved in life, because of their good influence over us, because of our attachment to what they were, because of that splendid idealism of life, without which life would be nothing but ashes, the affection of friend and friend, even when the tie of life has passed and been broken, that does not perish with death, but lives beyond time; that is the most beautiful sentiment, the most unselfish sentiment of the human heart.

How are Americans of to-day, in general, venerating and honoring the memory of Washington? I regret to say it, but it seems to be a fact, — in enjoying themselves. This is very far from any unselfish act of sacredness to the memory of Washington.

We are very much nearer to the real spirit here, in this sacred act, — your memorial service for your beloved friends, which typifies that beautiful sentiment which the nation, if it wishes to endure, must ever hold for its beloved and heroic first President. This sacred service begets all these beautiful sentiments and cherishes them in the most noble way. By our attendance at Mass to-day we are cultivating the spirit which will make the memory of Washington last and endure in honor.

It is easy to love those who are near to us, and who are living and breathing and doing us good and benefiting us. When, however, they are gone, when their presence is removed from us, when we see them outwardly and

materially no more, then loyalty and love are proved by fidelity and eternal devotion to their memory.

The spirit which is the foundation stone of the nation's celebration is the motive of our meeting here this morning, of our remembrance in the Holy Mass of those dear comrades of this world who are with us no longer, whose voices we no longer hear, but who are with us in the Communion of Saints in this holy place.

To-day the Church celebrates the feast of the Chair of Antioch. What is Antioch to-day? A deserted city, but never to us Catholics will it be deserted, for it is the cradle of the infant Church. There were the first struggles of the Christians begun. There the word Christian had its origin. There were fought the first battles against the forces of evil, and there were gained the first triumphs of that Church which finally was to spread over the world.

These memories are sacred to us, and never until the Church ceases to be will the See of Antioch be a mere deserted village.

So it is with good St. Stephen's. We never can consider this a deserted parish, even though there were only twenty left. We owe so much to this sacred place and this good old parish, to the people who lived here, that, like Antioch, it will be to us a holy memory of a holy place.

In this spirit your old pastor, Monsignor O'Farrell, comes back to you to-day, and with him those who served the parish in former years, and many of you who live elsewhere, to venerate this sacred shrine, to show your love for the holy place. And well may you do it.

The Diocese of Boston owes much for its vigor of faith, for its loyalty to the Church, to the men and women who were born and toiled in old St. Stephen's parish.

This was old Boston. Around and about this center all the old families lived. This was real Boston, in its origin, in its force, in its influence. The making of Greater Boston, which is now so flourishing, is interesting in the making, but unless we conserve the spirit of older Boston, its restraint, its pride in the city, its desire to be and to do something more than merely to have money, it will cease to be interesting when it is made.

This place, this parish, this church have sanctified the memory of the early struggles in the faith, in the civil life, and in the commercial and mercantile life. Here your fathers and your mothers, full of the love of God, struggled. Be careful after the making that you do not cease to be as interesting as you were in the making; for in prosperity danger comes. The foundations of life laid here were the most solid that either Church or State could have. Carry them into the homes you have founded. It is a duty to grow, but we must grow right. One of the signs that this parish has grown right is your return to it. Never be ashamed of humble origin. It is the sign of a weak mind and a false heart to be ashamed of humble beginnings. In the very humility of those beginnings is their beauty and strength.

Beloved brethren, these are the reasons why I am with you to-day, — to consecrate the occasion, and to encourage and bless the Knights of Columbus for the beautiful sentiment of devotion to their dead, and to greet you all, priests and people alike, of old St. Stephen's, as men and women always dear to the heart of every Bishop of Boston.

This is, in a way, our Antioch. Out of this place have gone so many of the richest blessings of God, and to us who rule the Diocese of Boston it is a sacred place. Here

is memory beloved, just as you have loved those departed. Faithful in your hearts to your friends who have gone before you, faithful always to the good old places where you saw the struggles of life, you cannot but be interesting in the making and be even more loyal and splendid and beneficial to Church and State when you really are made.

Beloved priests and people associated with this dear, good, sacred place, I give you my blessing.

CATHOLIC LOYALTY[1]

I THANK God that circumstances permit me to be present here to-night. The Church, because of the serious illness of the Sovereign Pontiff, has been passing through a very acute crisis, and for some days it looked as if I should be deprived of this great pleasure.

All over the world the hearts of men are anxious for a long life for Pius X. He is a man of the people, one who was raised to the highest possible dignity, — a man of the greatest simplicity and humility.

The power of the papacy is the greatest of any in the world. It took man out of savagery; it has made and preserved nations. No wonder, then, that the whole world stops to hear the heartbeats of the Pope. Napoleons may come and go, but the Pope reigns until the world ends. This is the sentiment that controls us to-night; this thought is the core of this meeting.

What can the world understand of our relations and feelings when the priest stands as mediator between God and man? We know, because God has given us the power to know, that the highest and noblest type of humanity is the priest.

Raise that one degree and we have the devotion for the Bishop, — the noble veneration our people hold for him. And go farther still, and we reach that most wonderful devotion of all, — the devotion to the Vicar of Christ.

[1] At banquet given by the men of St. Leo's parish, Dorchester, at Hotel Somerset, April 17, 1913.

At the beginning of every Bishop's régime, no matter how bright the prospects, there are long hills to climb and manifestoes to be sent forth by which the trend of that régime may be indicated. Again and again we have said by God's grace what we want you to stand for in the general life of humanity.

Our priests are day by day manifesting more and more zeal for and interest in the Church, and our Catholic people are themselves becoming more and more earnest and sincere in their efforts to second the labors of their spiritual leaders. It is indeed gratifying to note the work being done. I have said it before, and let me repeat it now, that I honestly believe that over the whole Catholic world to-day there do not exist a priesthood and a laity that are so firmly and helpfully in coöperation as those here in the Diocese of Boston.

I wish I could multiply myself so that I could constantly visit all the parishes in the Diocese, that I might mould them into a greater force and urge them to cultivate the only thing in life that will stand by them, — love of faith. Nothing can ever move it. With it go hand in hand your love for the sacraments, love for your parish priest, and love for your Bishop. The noblest trait in you is character, and the building up of this is my work, — to spend, and to be spent, day and night, so that the troubles of Europe will not be repeated here.

I earnestly desire you to feel that it is necessary for you to be strong in your faith; that you should be united with your fellow Catholics, even at the cost of sacrifice, and that you should not stand idle while others are laboring for God and Church.

It is well to remember that our fathers died for the faith. You must stand firmly by your parish priest, and

by those of all other parishes, and in doing this God will surely bless you. Serve and love God, and love your Pope, your Bishops, your priests, and if you do this God will certainly be with you.

THE NATION'S MANHOOD[1]

This happy gathering to-night affords me a long-looked-for opportunity of meeting so many of my good friends, true and loyal always, and an occasion to voice once more the sentiments of my high approbation of the great Catholic Society known as the Knights of Columbus.

Those sentiments of mine with regard to the character and work of this organization are so well known to you all that it would be quite unnecessary to repeat them now. Years ago, however, when from various quarters the rumors of doubt and diffidence were rife, when many of long experience and sage counsel shook their heads dubiously, wondering whither your march would lead, I had fullest confidence that, under proper guidance and proper leadership, the Knights of Columbus would one day justify my highest hopes of them, and silence forever all misgivings. I think you know that from the very beginning I have been a true friend to this organization, and I believe you now appreciate the value of my friendship.

The present Chief Executive of the nation, President Wilson, in an admirable address to the students of Princeton reminded them that it is the privilege of friendship, indeed it is its duty, to speak frankly at all times, to give friendly warning in times of danger, and to prove affection by helpfulness. This has been always the character of my friendship for you. I have always recognized the

[1] At banquet given by the Knights of Columbus, Copley-Plaza Hotel, April 19, 1913.

splendid achievements of which you were capable, but I also well knew that unless the great forces of your organization were prudently guided by sane and high-minded leaders, this splendid ship, freighted with golden hopes, would one day be but a wreck upon the shoals, beaten and battered by the storms which threaten even the most promising human enterprises. I knew intimately and well the splendid character of those who manned the stately ship at its launching, and nothing could shake my confidence that Divine Providence would watch over its magnificent prosperity, as undoubtedly it did its timid beginnings.

Up to the present, the guiding spirits of the organization have been in all respects capable and conscientious. Here, at home, you have been particularly fortunate in having at the head of your organization men eminently fitted for their responsible position by two great and essential requisites: first, the constant desire to learn from their spiritual chiefs what their Catholic duty is; and secondly, the courage to perform that duty even at the possible risk of waning popularity.

No man who has not both these qualities ought ever dare aspire to leadership in this organization. And the Knights of Columbus, I trust, will always recognize and realize that the man who does not know his duty to his Church can never be relied upon to do his duty to any one; that the man is unfit for office in your Society who for a moment forgets that without the guidance of the Church this organization, like thousands of others, would soon be but an empty name.

No one who reads the signs of the times can doubt that to-day the strongest moral force in this country is the Church. The reason is clear. If there ever was

a time when moral principles were being muddled and mixed in the fierce conflict of varied interests, civil, social, and commercial, it is in these days through which we are now passing; and if there ever was a time when a clear, steady voice was needed courageously to announce, and to cry from the housetops the fixed and eternal principles of justice and social order, that time is to-day.

Where will that voice be found? Not a decade ago the pulpits of the dissident churches reëchoed all over the nation with the appeal to American manhood to face life with the Bible in one hand and the Constitution of the United States in the other; and, thus armed, the manhood of the nation was safe and the nation's life was secure.

To-day what has become of the Bible? There is scarcely a page of it left whose meaning and true significance have not been torn to shreds and tatters. And the Constitution, — is it not clear to every one that to-day that precious document, which for more than a century has guaranteed us "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," is menaced even from the highest quarters with the desecration and the disruption which have been already the horrible fate of the Word of God at the hands of those who have neither reverence nor respect for the inviolability of the most sacred traditions?

The religious sects which once placed all revelation in the printed word of the Sacred Book have robbed each text and chapter of its true meaning, and left nothing but the bare covers. And those even who swore to defend the Constitution, we now see anxious only to mutilate and pervert it.

Where, then, are the arms upon which the nation's manhood was once taught to rely for the nation's up-

building? The Bible is gone and the Constitution is in danger. And amid the chaos of conflicting voices and clashing interests, in the maze of misleading theories, in the arena where already the bloody war is begun between selfish Greed and heartless Socialism, there is one single voice raised above the din and cry, imposing its influence and demanding a hearing.

You all know well the sound of that voice, — calm, yet commanding, the infallible voice of the Church of God speaking the same unchangeable truth to all. And to-day no sane man on this whole continent can doubt for a moment that, if order is to be maintained, if social strife is finally to subside into the concord which alone can prolong the nation's existence, those conditions must come, not from a Bible misconstrued and misinterpreted into a thousand various meanings, or from the dead letter of the Constitution, sacred as that is to us all, but from the unchanging and unchangeable law and doctrine delivered by Christ to the Catholic Church, and by her borne triumphantly through all the storms which for twenty centuries have beaten against her in vain.

Fifty years ago, Catholics were suspected of being incapable of patriotism. To-day real patriotism finds its chief maintenance and nourishment in the Catholic heart. In hearts like yours, Knights of Columbus, which beat with the rhythm of love of God and love of country, not with the intermittent beat which varies as times and interests vary, but with that constant, measured, and immutable throb which pulsates in the very heart of Christendom, the center of the Church's life, — Rome, Eternal Rome, where Christ's own Vicar reigns, and where the immutable principles of God's revelation are conserved and faithfully guarded.

Knights of Columbus, to you, and to men like you nurtured in divine faith, which values conscience above all earthly goods, this country must look for the realization of its highest hopes. Your Church, your faith offer you to our beloved country as the stanchest supports of her stability and her prosperity. And just in that measure in which you are true to God and to your holy faith will you in the coming days of stress and trial be to America a pledge of high fidelity and national service.

FEDERATION'S DUTY[1]

It is a pleasure and a joy for me to be with you here to-day, to resume my labors in the Diocese, after a needed rest, by attending this meeting of Federation. For this work, as I have so often said to you, is in reality the synthesis and the essence of all the varied works which we are doing among you.

The Church, like God, must be known to be loved, and needs only to be known to be loved. And she cannot be loved unless she is known.

Why is there such a thing as an indifferent Catholic? Why is there such an anomaly as a weak-kneed Catholic? Why is there such a thing as a Catholic who is afraid to come out and be counted in the ranks? Simply because there are among us still, even at this late day, Catholics who do not know the Church as she really is, her glorious history, her splendid inheritance. They are ignorant of those treasures of beauty and learning and holiness which for twenty centuries have been the inheritance of the Church and whose glory is our glory.

Why are there even to-day thousands who hate the Church, who fear the Church, who oppose the Church? Only because there are thousands who again do not know the Church. They are often the victims of ignorance rather than the creatures of malice.

As it was with Christ, so it is to-day with the Church. His enemies poisoned the minds of the people; they vilified Him, they misrepresented Him, they distorted His

[1] At meeting of Federation of Catholic Societies, September 28, 1913.

every word, they misconstrued His every act. He gave His strength to doing good, while His enemies maliciously lied about Him and maligned Him. If they had only examined facts for themselves, if they had only believed what they saw, Christ would have brought them peace and eternal happiness.

The people, however, are ever the same. They often allow themselves to be the victims of the malice, the envy, and the jealousy of others keener than they, who blind them with false words and embitter them with lies.

Christ's prayer revealed it all when He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The prayer of the Church for those who in ignorance assail her is the same,— they know not what they do. But we must make them know what they do if only to save them from themselves and from those who are animated not by ignorance but by designing malice.

Federation is making the Church better and more widely known to Catholics, that they may glory in her glory; to the rest, that they may love her and respect her, even if they do not embrace her.

Thank God, Boston has taken the lead in this work. We say it not boastfully, but yet with honest pride. I have labored for years for its success and it has succeeded. You, too, have labored with me, and no wonder that wherever Federation now pitches its tent Boston stands first in the ranks. God bless your labors still more and more, until throughout all the land the Church through Federation is known and loved.

HILLTOPS CROWNED[1]

To the pastor and the people of this parish this must be a happy occasion. We have blessed the foundations of a splendid church, and in a short time its beautiful dome, surmounted by the cross, will be another beacon on the hilltop to signal the weary hearts of men toward God and heaven, — their hope and their only rest.

Surely Boston ought to be a city of peace and order. On every hilltop now for miles around gleams the sacred sign of our redemption, the cross which teaches man that here there is no lasting happiness except the contentment of virtue and religion, and that all man's trials, nobly borne, end in triumph and eternal happiness in God.

The Mother Church of this province and this Archdiocese is the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, and from every hill that sacred sign teaches its mighty lesson of patience and of hope. From the Gate of Heaven, St. Peter's, Dorchester, the Sacred Heart, Roslindale, the new Boston College, the Passionist Monastery, the Seminary, the new St. Elizabeth's Hospital, St. Catherine's, Somerville, St. Francis de Sales, Bunker Hill, — around and about the whole city God has set up His fortresses of sacrifice and prayer; and a city thus guarded by God's strength is surely well protected against the forces of evil.

May this new citadel be to the whole city, as well as to those who live in its shadow, a tower of holy strength and a pledge of God's benediction upon this good and beautiful city.

[1] At the blessing of the corner-stone of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Jamaica Plain, September 28, 1913.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION[1]

THE purpose of a Christian education is to fit men for a Christian life. A Christian life consists in doing one's duty to God and to society. Society has its work for us to do, its place for us to fill, and its rewards if we succeed. For you who have the privilege of an extended preparation for life, it has places of responsibility and emolument if you know how to win them and by persevering effort to keep them. The world will soon pass you by, will soon find others, unless you labor hard in the race, and by energy and constant effort keep pace with the needs of the times.

But if that were all that life meant there would be no special need of all that is summed up in the course of the training you are here receiving.

In the Christian life God is first, and last, and the sum total of all. God is our maker, we belong to Him, and whatever we do or are, is His and must be for Him. His law is the law of life. His grace is the light of our eyes and the warmth of our hearts. We came from His hands and to Him we must return, and the very purpose of this mortal life is to fit us for an eternity with Him.

No amount of success can ever make us really happy without God's blessing. No honors, no wealth, can ever fill our hearts or satisfy our ambitions if He is not with us, and when life's course is run no one but He will judge us, no one but He will decide on our real success or our real failure.

[1] To Boston College students, September 29, 1913.

To educate the mind to this sublime ideal of life is the purpose of the training which here awaits you. Life is not a mere market, or a stock exchange, or a library, or an art gallery. Life is a succession of arts whose record is before the eyes of God, — for us or against us forever. After this — eternity. That is the thought which Alma Mater impresses daily upon your minds. To live with God and for God — in failure or success — whatever may be the world's verdict of our work; — that is why you are here, and may God's blessing rest upon you always.

TEMPERANCE[1]

I COME to you after a hard day's work, and after declining another engagement of importance, because I wish to show you my interest in the cause in whose service you are enlisted.

The lessening of the great evil of drunkenness and the promotion of general sobriety are of such importance to Church and State that we must give to these problems our best thought and our most careful action.

The temperance work done in the Archdiocese during the last four or five years has been satisfactory, and it is now upon a basis which promises solid results for the future. Not that hard work, and good work, has not been done prior to this time; but it was too dependent upon individuals. Its greater or less success was measured by the zeal, or ability, or methods of the individual leader of the day.

But no great moral cause should be left to depend upon any individual, however gifted or devoted. It must rest upon the Church, and then it will succeed, because it has behind it the power of God.

Then, too, the method and spirit of temperance workers were not always correct, wise, or just. I have read and listened to speeches and lectures that were false in principle, false in the application of principles and marked by violent vituperation.

Nobody was ever converted by vituperation. Nobody

[1] At banquet of Diocesan Temperance Union, in commemoration of the birthday of Father Theobald Mathew, the apostle of temperance, October 9, 1913.

was ever converted by harsh denunciation. There is a particular danger for temperance speakers to fall into this fault, because the evils against which they work are so destructive and hideous and reach us so closely.

But harshness and passionate denunciation will never be effective aids to any cause.

Let your appeal be to calm reason. Passion is the froth of the moment, but reason abides. Man is a reasoning being. Reason with him, then. Give him facts and the deductions which necessarily flow from them.

And do it in the spirit of kindness, with patience and sweetness, with Christian charity. Remember always that it is the soul that is sick and needs to be cured.

There is the fundamental weakness of so much well-meant reform work in many fields. People delude themselves into thinking that reform has been effected, when it is only the surface appearances that have been changed, while the soul is still diseased.

It is the soul that must be reached and acted upon. And the soul can never be reached and helped, much less permanently cured, except by the grace of God, except by the healing hand of Christ.

It should be your aim to bring suffering and needy souls to Christ's minister; and then through the power of the sacraments Christ will work the cure. But you will never succeed in bringing souls to the strong, sweet influence of the sacraments unless you pattern your methods and spirit upon those of the gentle Saviour. He denounced sin, but He had no word of rebuke for the sinner. The hypocrite only aroused His divine anger, — the man who posed for what he was not, — him the God of Truth could not abide; but for all other sinners there were mercy, patience, loving-kindness, compassion.

And if Christ was patient, what right have we to be impatient with our brother? If the God whose majesty has been offended is long-suffering and deals mercifully with the sinner, who shall dare to be harsh with him?

There is no pulpit in my Diocese from which will come abuse or vituperation, or anything but kindness, patient hopefulness, and encouragement for those who are in sore need of God's grace.

The temperance cause is primarily a moral and spiritual cause, and for its real success it must depend upon moral and spiritual means. Put your confidence, then, not in oratory or in advertising, but in the grace of God, in the strength of the sacraments.

I have no wish to dictate; but because the temperance movement is a moral movement, I wish to see always at its head a priest well trained in theology, who has accurate knowledge of the doctrines of the Church, and who, under the direction of his Archbishop, will keep the work and spirit of the societies thoroughly Catholic.

And now, my dear friends, my dear children, I hope that you will go back to the several parishes from which you have come, carrying with you a new determination to persevere in the noble work to which you have pledged your support. The strength of your quiet example will be a powerful influence towards sobriety in the lives of many who know your principles and the fidelity with which you stand by them.

Do not make the mistake of being too self-conscious of that fidelity, or of parading it and contrasting it with the habits of others. Humility is always a virtue which helps every good cause; and by the simple, unostentatious practice of total abstinence you will preach effectively to others, particularly to the young.

You have every reason to be encouraged in your efforts for the spread of total abstinence. See the great advance that has taken place in the attitude of the country at large towards drinking customs. It is not so long ago when banquets were considered opportunities for drunken orgies, and when a dinner, even among gentlemen, was the occasion for excessive indulgence in strong drink. All this has been changed.

Men nowadays feel that they cannot afford indulgence. The competition in life is so keen that they know that to be successful they must be in complete possession of their faculties at all times. Particularly is this true of our younger men. There are many of them now, thank God, who never touch intoxicating drink of any kind.

For this general advance in temperance sentiment much credit is due to the quiet, persistent work of the total abstinence societies.

Keep on, then, with your helpful and noble work. Rest it upon the Church; conduct it in the spirit and with the methods approved by the Church, and you may always count upon my interest and support. And may God's blessing attend your efforts and reward you.

OUR DUTY TO THE MISSIONS[1]

"*Lift up your eyes, and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest.*"

We open to-day a new chapter in the history of the expansion of the Church.

The Congress which we here inaugurate will, by God's grace, set in motion influences which will not die with the passing week, but which will go on in ever-widening circles, until they touch the farthest shore of missionary effort with blessed and copious results. Not a struggling little flock in the least populated district of this broad continent but will find new hope; not a lone missionary working in the most advanced outpost of the Church's far-flung battle line but will take heart anew when our message shall go forth, that the vigorous Church in America is addressing herself to the problem of meeting the needs and opportunities of the vast mission field at home and abroad.

Boston is proud of the privilege of being the meeting-place of a congress so exalted in its purpose and so distinguished in its membership. A convention city whither men come for the discussion of every topic that can be of interest to man, she throws wide the gates of her hospitality to a gathering whose object is to spread to the ends of the earth the knowledge of Christ and the blessings of Christian civilization.

Catholic Boston bids you a thousand welcomes. The

[1] The Opening Sermon of the Second Catholic Missionary Congress, at the Cathedral, Boston, Sunday, October 19, 1913.

Church in Boston, which one hundred years ago counted so few that they could be shepherded by those two apostolic sons of France, Cheverus and Matignon, both splendid types of the zealous missionary, now numbers one million souls; and in their name, as in my own, I welcome all who have come here to take part in the deliberations of the Second Catholic Missionary Congress.

In a very special way I salute and welcome him who is the personal representative of the Holy Father, the apostolic delegate to the Church in the United States and the papal legate to this Congress, His Excellency, Monsignor Bonzano. May we not consider it a disposition of Divine Providence that the bearer of this exalted commission should himself be a missionary who has known the hardships and sacrifices of mission life in China, and who later has presided over the missionary college of propoganda in the mother city of missionaries that in every age has sent forth her victorious soldiers of the cross to the remotest countries? Both from his own achievements in the cause of Christ and because he represents the loving, wise, apostolic father of Christendom, to whom our hearts are attached with unwavering loyalty, we shall draw from his presence in the Congress both inspiration and guidance.

I welcome to Boston the Archbishops and Bishops who, at much inconvenience to themselves, have put aside the pressing calls of their respective sees and have traveled, many of them, very long distances to give to the Congress the help of their counsel and influence.

I welcome the priests and the lay delegates and the heroes fresh from the mission fields, bearing the battle scars of long-sustained conflict.

Truly this is a Catholic Congress with no sectional

lines or racial prejudices. With holy emulation the voices of Canada and Mexico, of Porto Rico and the far-away Philippines, will join the voices from the north, south-east, and west of this mighty Republic in discussion of the means best adapted for the attainment of an eminently Catholic end.

No narrow horizon hems in our outlook; it is as all-embracing as the commission given by Christ in the beginning of His Church: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations," "Preach the gospel to every creature." The negro and the Indian at our own doors; the Catholic families in out-of-the-way communities, struggling against great odds to keep the light of faith burning; the Filipino, to whom we owe a generous and watchful interest; the multitudinous Orient, the isles of the sea, the burning heart of Africa, the ice-ribbed circle of the North, — there is no field where the children of men sit in darkness and spiritual hunger that is foreign to the deliberations and purposes of this Congress of men of God.

A gathering such as this serves two purposes: first, it gives to the world a knowledge of the immense results obtained through the heroic labors of our missionaries, and makes known to a sympathetic public the needs and opportunities of the missions. Second, it fans into a more ardent and enduring flame the zeal of prelate, priest, and people for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom, and the conversion of the entire human race.

Mission labors and their results naturally fall into two great divisions, — the home and the foreign fields; and the activities in these two fields are happily embodied in two great societies organized among us, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and the Catholic Church

Extension Society, under whose auspices the present Congress is held.

The Catholic Church Extension Society is of recent arrival in the field, but through the energy, business acumen, power of organization and enlightened zeal of its promoters it has accomplished amazing good in a few years. It is a genuine product of Catholic faith acting on the character and working with the typical methods of the New World, and it gives assurance for the future of marvelous results in the holy cause in which we are enlisted, when once a burning zeal for the triumph of Christ and the salvation of every soul shall have leavened the whole mass of Catholics in America.

The Catholic Church Extension Society grew out of the religious needs of thousands of isolated flocks scattered all over the broad expanse of North America. To give to these little congregations, too weak numerically and financially to do much for themselves, a place of worship where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass might be offered and the word of God preached with becoming solemnity was the first object of the society. To-day there are more than seven hundred chapels, centers of Catholic life, in places where, without the society's aid, there would still be no recognized home for religion, and where Catholics worshiping in private dwellings or halls, ill-suited to the purpose, would yet lack the sense of pride in their faith and that boldness in its exercise, which are so helpful for the maintenance of fervent Catholic life in communities preponderatingly hostile or indifferent.

A novel and typically American development of the Chapel Idea, the Chapel Car, brings the aid and comfort of religion to remote districts which as yet are without priests and churches. And, by the testimony of the

Bishops in whose dioceses this agency has been used, the happiest results have followed, not only among Catholics, but among non-Catholics as well, in the countryside blessed by the advent of the Church on Wheels.

The Motor Chapel is a further evolution of the Chapel Car, and it brings the missionary, holy Mass, and the sacraments where the railroad has not yet penetrated.

With the Chapel Car goes an aid sorely needed in sections where the Catholic Church is misunderstood and misrepresented, an abundant supply of books and pamphlets which expound the doctrines, practices, and life of the Church as they are in truth. Over two million copies of such literature have been distributed by the society, most of it free. As the Chapel Car goes into towns and villages where there never was a Catholic church, the importance of this work cannot be overestimated.

The distribution on a large scale of altar supplies, vestments, and church goods has brought joy to the heart of many a missionary and edification to many a tiny flock. A most useful department of the society's charity has been the sending of financial aid to priests in poor missions, who with difficulty eke out from slender resources a bare subsistence.

The society, remembering that it must be Catholic in its sympathies, has reached a helping hand to Porto Rico and Alaska, and has listened to the urgent cry from the distant Philippines. Money has been sent for the missionaries and the orphans, and one gift made possible the building of a school of theology in the Diocese of Jaro.

In its short existence the society has collected and distributed a million and a quarter of dollars. That it has not done more in our island possessions, where the need is so imperative and the harvest so abundant, is due to

the great disproportion between the funds at command and the varied and vast necessities to be met on every side.

It must be one of the main purposes of the present Congress to awaken a more general interest among Catholic Americans in their brethren in the Philippines.

Shall we permit it to be said that, through the supineness and blind indifference of Catholics in the United States, the fair fruit of the toil and sweat and blood of Spanish missionaries, of the labors, sacrifices, and solicitude of three centuries of progressive work over a vast territory, and in the face of tremendous difficulties, will be blighted and even, in wide areas, threatened with destruction?

Shall we leave it to history to say that what the Church in Spain won at so heavy a cost, the Church in America has lightly surrendered?

When heretical sects, bent only upon despoiling the Church of her own, are pouring men and money without stint into the islands to give to the natives a false education at the price of their Catholic faith, shall we stand idle spectators, and excuse our sloth with the plea that our home needs must absorb all our resources?

The cry of the Filipino to-day is in our ears; the parishes without priests, the extended districts which for years have been without the help of the sacraments, the ambitious youth who long for true education and opportunity under the guidance of the Mother Church that evangelized and civilized their ancestors, and that alone understands their needs and weaknesses, — all look to us, upon whom God in His Providence has placed the responsibility of their care. And if there be any large defection from the Church in the Philippines, if any con-

siderable element of the rising generation learn through sectarian schools to despise the creed of their fathers, a just posterity will say it was not so much that they abandoned the Church as that the Catholics in the United States abandoned them.

The veteran international association for the furtherance of missionary effort in pagan and non-Catholic lands is the renowned Society for the Propagation of the Faith. It does not select or send out the missionary, but it supports by the prayers and alms of its members the missionaries chosen, trained, and sent forth by the authorities of the Church.

Since its foundation at Lyons in 1822 it has been the abiding stay of the missionary the world over. The society is administered by two central councils — one in Lyons, the other in Paris — and their members perform all their work without pay. At the beginning of each year the contributions from all the branches are forwarded to the central bureau, and by them the total amount is divided among the missions of the earth, according to their extent and need.

Up to 1910, the society had disbursed nearly $79,000,000, of which vast sum nearly $11,000,000 had been sent to the missions in America. Indeed, of the $4000 collected in the first year of the society's existence, two thirds were sent to Kentucky and Louisiana.

Well might the fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore send to the directors of the society the expression of their deep gratitude, as well as their conviction, that if the grain of mustard seed planted in the virgin soil of America had grown into a mighty tree, it was due, in large measure, to the generous and sustained help of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

I shall not be accused, I am sure, of a spirit of boastfulness if I say here that the work of this noble society has taken deep root in the Archdiocese of Boston. It is thoroughly organized in most of the parishes, and two of the priests of the Archdiocese are detailed to supervise the work. So generously have the people responded that last year Boston contributed $123,000, which, in proportion to its numbers, was a larger donation to the society than that of any other diocese in the whole Catholic world.

No parish has found its revenue for local needs diminished by the contributions of the faithful to the mission cause; rather has the outlay brought a hundred blessings, not the least valuable of which are the gratitude and prayers of the missionaries themselves and of the souls they have brought from darkness and sin into the sunlight of truth and grace.

With justifiable pride I may say, too, that the new Seminary for Foreign Missions, which is to train American youth for "fields afar," is largely a development of the mission spirit that has grown up in Boston with the spread of interest in the work of the propagation of the faith.

What has been done for the Church in the United States by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is also the story of its rich harvest of souls in every missionary field. Less than fifty years after the foundation of the society eighty missionary bishops went from the ends of the earth to sit in the Vatican Council, and every one of the dioceses they presided over was the outgrowth of aid that had come from the society.

If, in marked contrast to the gloomy missionary outlook one hundred years ago, the opening years of the

twentieth century glow with radiant hopes for the conversion of pagan nations, the glorious advance is due very largely to the unfailing assistance of the society.

The close of the eighteenth century saw the Church in desolation through wars and oppression. The failing ranks of the missionaries, unable to secure enough recruits because of the suppression of so many religious houses, were scarcely able to hold the countries already occupied.

In 1800 there were in teeming India 475,000 Catholics governed by two Archbishops, two Bishops, and two Vicars Apostolic. To-day there are 1,700,000 Catholics, 27 Archbishops and Bishops, and 1336 priests. In the same year China had but 202,000 Catholics, while to-day she has 1,200,000 Catholics, 1379 missionaries, 631 native priests, 1886 nuns, and 8000 catechists. As against 15,000 Catholics in Northern Africa and in a few scattered settlements on the east coast, all Africa to-day can show 3391 missionaries and 1,003,667 Catholics.

It is the same story of triumphant achievement everywhere; the herculean labors and the heroic lives of our saintly missionaries have won success in spite of obstacles apparently insuperable, and that the harvest is not incalculably greater is due to the relatively small number of the reapers. With larger aid from us their number will become greater.

Who is there among us who will not be moved to holy rivalry as he reads the record of the dearly bought victories of our devoted missionaries, both in the home and foreign fields?

What bishop or priest is there whose heart does not expand with longing to supply, as far as he may, the many pressing needs which this Congress will make known to us? Who will not kindle with holy ambition

as he sees spread out before his eyes the unique opportunities of the present hour charged with the fate of the future?

We need a congress like this to take us up to the mountain top of holy visions, whence we may see the kingdoms that should belong to Christ and yet are not His.

We are so immersed in the cares of our immediate mission, we see about us such opportunities for local improvement, so many needs in the little corner of the field we are sent to till, that naturally our views will be contracted and our aims parochial or provincial, unless we vividly recall to ourselves the nature of the commission which Christ has given to His Church — "Go teach all nations."

It is nothing less, as we know, than the conversion of the entire world; not a human creature, however remote from the confines of civilization or however sunk in ignorance or misery, lies outside that commission, and yet, nineteen hundred years after the birth of Christ, two thirds of the human race do not know Him.

How shall they know and follow Jesus Christ and Him crucified unless He be preached to them? In St. Paul's words (Rom. x, 13–15), "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved. How then shall they call on him, in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe him, of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear, without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent . . ." And we may add, And how shall a preacher be sent, if the Christian world does not support him?

We are God's coadjutors, and the conversion of the world depends in great measure upon the efficacy of our

coöperation. Zeal in our individual field will not excuse blindness to the needs of the Church Universal.

The most eager desire of the Sacred Heart of our Divine Saviour is that the light of His truth and the grace of His sacraments shall be brought to all men. To whom shall He look for generous aid in the promotion of this end worthy of God's own self if not to the young, vigorous, resourceful Church in America?

It has been the method of God's Providence in the progressive development of Christianity that when the faith had once been solidly established in a nation, that nation in gratitude for the blessings it had received should in turn work for the conversion of other races. So the Roman world once converted to Christ sent out its apostolic missionaries to the barbarian nations of the North, and when each of these free, resolute peoples had bowed its head to the sweet yoke of Christ with holy ardor it gave of its best for the conversion of neighboring countries.

So it was that not a century elapsed, from the fifth to the eleventh, that did not see the conversion of one or other of these races to which all the nations of modern Europe owe their origin.

When Europe had been made thoroughly Christian, the command to preach the gospel to every creature sent apostolic men into Africa and the heart of Asia.

Who is there that does not know the story of the outpouring of missionary zeal that followed the discovery of America? A new era had opened for mankind, and side by side with the daring of the discoverer and adventurer went the calm courage and sublime sacrifice of the missionary seeking new kingdoms for Christ.

If ever obligation rested upon a country to work wide

and large for the salvation of souls, surely that solemn obligation rests upon the Church in America.

Our continent has been hallowed from the Canadian snows to the tropical luxuriance of Mexico with the blood of martyred missionaries, who gave the red tide of their hearts' love that Christ might reign supreme in this broad land. We are the heirs of the labors and sacrifices of unnumbered saints and heroes. Our story is as proud and thrilling as that of any page in the long annals of the Church's triumphs. We are the children of men and women, themselves the descendants of martyrs, who crossed the broad Atlantic that they might find freedom for the exercise of their faith as well as opportunity for the development of their talents.

Every natural blessing has been ours, — political freedom, just laws, open opportunity, democratic institutions in a continent of boundless resources, inhabited by a brave, ingenious, energetic, and noble people.

In such environment what wonder that the growth of the Church here in a century should be one of the marvels of history! And at the very moment when the Church in America stands like a giant rejoicing to run His way God opens opportunities for the spread of the gospel, at home and abroad, such as have never before existed.

On every side obstacles that have blocked the successful preaching of the faith are disappearing. Implacable hatred, century-old mistrust, inveterate prejudices are melting under the warm influence of more intimate knowledge and closer relations of peoples. Steam and electricity have shortened the roads and lengthened the steps of man. Peking is joined by iron ties with St. Petersburg and Paris. Asia from north to south is traversed by railroads. In the domestic field, through the printed word

the missionary may enter every home. The inventions of man God is using for the spread of His truth, just as the roads built by the victorious legions of Rome became the avenues for the triumphant progress of the Cross.

At such a crucial period in history for the giant Church in America to hesitate to throw herself into the crusade for the conversion of the world, to walk with halting step, to give with niggard hand, would be basely to betray a great trust imposed on her by God for the grand advance of the Kingdom of Christ.

"Lift up your eyes, and see the countries . . . white already to harvest." Thus spake in appeal and command the Saviour of men at the opening of this Missionary Congress. Uncounted millions of our fellow beings call to us. The Court of Heaven watches us. On, then, with the glorious crusade! Let no one of us shirk or falter. And may He who came to cast fire upon earth kindle in the Church in America a flame of burning zeal — an "ignis ardens" — that shall not die while there is a soul that does not know or accept the redeeming love of Jesus.

God is over us, ready with His almighty aid; Christ Jesus here on the altar cries again to us as to His first apostles, "Go — go and teach." Pius, Christ's Vicar, our beloved Father, present in his legate's person, blesses our efforts. We have God — His Son — His vicar with us. Let us unite, then, under their standard; — God's work calls us. They who are of God will listen and follow. Let them who neither hear nor obey at least remember those awful words, "He who gathereth not, scattereth."

Let us think and feel only as men do who, under a noble inspiration, drop every consideration but the greatness and grandeur of the enterprise. What large mind

or big heart stoops to mere petty personal considerations in the presence of a sublime work like this? Who and where and why—what does it matter if the work is for God? Who is the head of this enterprise? God. The command and commission are His; the souls are His; the grace is His. Where do we meet to consult and consider? In His Church, which is the same everywhere, in Boston, or Paris, or Rome. What are the methods and means? The same as when Christ walked in Galilee,—charity and faith and holy hope, binding us all unto unbreakable unity of love and zeal. And from afar, over the wide ocean, from holy Rome, comes the sweet paternal voice of our great white father, our own beloved Pius,—Work together; be one; drop pettiness and personalities; be big and apostolic as Rome, as the Church is, and the God of all nations will bless you and all your works.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK[1]

We all regret very much that the weather is not as propitious as it might be for our visiting guests. We can provide a good many things in Boston, but we cannot provide or guarantee the weather. I hope before our dear guests have left the city that we shall have a few good days so that they may, after carrying on the work of the Missionary Congress, enjoy the beauties of our interesting city and its especially beautiful suburbs.

My intention was to come in this afternoon during the session, as naturally I wish to be of service to the distinguished guests who are with me, among them chiefly His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, who leaves us to-day.

But for a special reason I decided to come in at the beginning and open the session, and that reason is I desire to pay a very special, sincere, and genuine compliment to the great Archdiocese of New York, under the leadership of His Eminence, Cardinal Farley. That great and really wonderful Diocese has done and is doing wonders for the propagation of the faith.

Naturally Boston is proud of its own work. That is a good spirit to have. Patriotism is the love of one's country, the love of one's state, the love of one's city, the love of one's home. We love Boston, we want Boston to do its share of the work, but, thank God, we love New York and we want it known.

[1] At the afternoon session of the Second Missionary Congress, Symphony Hall, Boston, Monday, October 20, 1913.

This see, now a great archdiocese, was once one of the suffragan sees of the great Archdiocese of New York. Our relations have always been particularly cordial, and the relations between the prelates and prelates, the priests and priests, the people and people of the two sees, have always been of a genuinely friendly character. There ought to be, and there is, a seasonable, a reasonable rivalry in holy things. We are always proud, naturally, if occasionally even rural New England reaches out and grasps something which for a long time had been beyond her reach in the way of the progress of the Church.

This is a stimulus in itself, but we are always happy to see the wonderful advance of the great metropolitan See of New York. All that I say is from my heart, is genuine, true, sincere, and I come to you to place the gathering in the hands of the distinguished auxiliary bishop of New York.

His Eminence himself would have been here if he could, but on account of various engagements which he could not break, it was impossible; and as he could not come, he did us the honor of sending his auxiliary bishop whom we are proud and happy to have with us. I now turn over the government of this meeting into his hands.

BOSTON'S WELCOME[1]

YESTERDAY I had the privilege of welcoming the delegates in a formal way, but lest such a welcome might leave the impression that Boston is as cold as she is reputed to be, we planned a warmer greeting, that would do away with formality as much as possible.

I cannot tell you how happy Boston is on account of this wonderful meeting. It is the greatest occasion that our city has ever known from a Catholic, and indeed from any, point of view. This assembly of archbishops and bishops and the prelates of this and other countries in itself constitutes a great world-gathering.

And His Honor the Mayor has recognized this fact, and when I invited him to come here to-night he accepted readily. I have no doubt you all have heard of our Mayor, John F. Fitzgerald. That is not enough: I want you to know him, and therefore His Honor, who has done us the favor of accepting our invitation, will now address you in the name of the city of Boston.

[1] At reception given by the Cardinal to visiting Archbishops, Bishops, Monsignori, clerical and lay delegates, during the Missionary Congress, Monday evening, October 20, 1913.

CATHOLIC BOSTON AND THE SOUTH [1]

Your Grace and Ladies and Gentlemen: —

I remember many years ago in school we were taught a very beautiful song, the refrain of which went something like this: "No North, no South, no East, no West, one country always the greatest, the best."

That song was composed shortly after our difficulties between the North and the South. A terrible war ensued, and since then, thank God, we are all brothers. I mean civilly. I say civilly because the difference of opinion and division was only a civil one. There was never any division between the Catholics of the North and the Catholics of the South. Bishop Carroll was our bishop, and New England again has sent to the fair and sunny Southland some of her very best sons, who occupy sees in the beautiful South, and who are consecrating their lives to the progress of the Church there.

No one ever received a better welcome to Boston. No one is more welcome, or ever will be, than that beautiful soul whom we all so much love and admire, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

One of the memories of my boyhood days is the vision of a wonderful old man clothed in the robes of the episcopate, a splendid, noble figure, learned, pious, and devoted to his people, who made his touching appeals to the Catholics of Boston for his people, who were our brothers in the faith, — Bishop Lynch of South Carolina.

[1] At the afternoon session, Second Catholic Missionary Congress, Symphony Hall, Tuesday, October 21, 1913.

Later we had the pleasure from time to time of meeting and greeting and aiding, to the best of our ability, many Southern bishops, all of whom, I feel sure, had proofs of true love and affection and generosity and true Christian charity from the Diocese of Boston.

It is not strange, therefore, that in spite of civic differences, the fervent, practical love which ought to animate every Christian Catholic heart binds in a splendid union the South with the See of Boston.

I wish from my heart that His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, could have graced this occasion; and he would have done so, he wrote me, if it were at all possible for him to come. An engagement at home was so pressing that he could not leave, but he sent me a most beautiful letter, filled with expressions of interest in the cause and in the movement, and his greatest love and affection for me, his brother Cardinal, and for all the children of the see.

But in his absence we are very fortunate in having with us one whom I count among my most precious friends, one of our archbishops; I think really the most amiable of them all. I refer to the eloquent and patriotic and zealous Archbishop of New Orleans, His Grace Archbishop Blenk.

THE BLESSING OF UNITY[1]

THE great Congress is over. Its acts in the cause of Christ and His Church Universal have passed into history. God alone knows what great and blessed results it will in due time have achieved. The Congress in its spirit, its conduct, and its methods has been truly Catholic, — charity and zeal have been its watchwords, and unity its prevailing characteristic.

Unity of the episcopate is an essential to the life of the Church. Whatever helps that unity is a blessing. This Congress has undoubtedly worked for that holy unity over all this land, — North, East, South, and West. We have spent these days in happy harmony, laboring for God.

Those who have generously contributed by their presence when they could, and when that was not possible have otherwise manifested their interest in this great rally of missionary zeal and progress, may well feel a thousand times rewarded. Such a glorious gathering of the episcopate has never convened before in this country, and I dare to say that we may look for results of which even the most sanguine have not dreamed.

For where God calls to action, where the Church invites and Christ's Vicar leads the way, we have only to do our little share and the whole avenue of progress is ablaze with certain triumph.

Large minds see things always in a large way. Per-

[1] At conclusion of the Missionary Congress, at Symphony Hall, on Wednesday evening, October 22, 1913.

sons count for little. It is the thing itself that speaks. When the purpose is great and the cause is great, real men have no time for pettiness.

Such has been the splendid spirit of this Congress. Its greatness swallowed up every consideration but the cause, and that cause is bound to win. Indeed, we may well say for the comfort and consolation of those who have labored for it many years, that it has already won. The struggle is over, the victory is here. The Archbishop of Chicago, patron from the beginning of this movement, may well rejoice. And so, too, may the energetic young priest who in reality set the wheels of this vast machinery in motion.

Shoulder to shoulder they have borne the burden, each in a truly noble manner. God will surely, richly reward them for their work for Him in this movement. I am deeply grateful to all who have honored Boston in this glorious event, — the Holy Father, his Delegate, the prelates, priests, and good people who at great inconvenience have gathered here for the holy week.

Boston will never forget the vision of that wonderful procession of last Sunday, with its fourscore and more of the Bishops of God's Church marching in solid phalanx to sound the reveille of Christian zeal which has echoed throughout the whole world.

Boston is proud of the honor you have given her, and Boston never forgets any debt she owes. Our loyal men and women of this whole see are Catholic through and through. Their hearts are all aglow at the sight of such a splendid spectacle. Throughout all Christendom there are no more devoted, faithful, generous hearts. The very Apostles would glory in such a flock. Leave them your blessing before you go from them. Carry away from

their city and their see a closer feeling of fraternity, of affection, and a happy memory of their good, genuine Catholic devotion to you and to all your needs and interests.

Give us, Venerable Brethren, your love, your prayers, your friendship. We will give you in return the pledge of our constant vigilance over your interests and a million hearts burning to aid you in your struggles.

THE CHURCH IN GERMANY[1]

I FEEL that I am a good part German, for the days I have taken in the past three years for rest and spiritual refreshment have been spent in Germany, and there is no land in which I am so happy, outside of America, which is my native land, as in Germany. There are many reasons for this. I love the beauty of the German land, its peace and security, its healthfulness, the sturdy qualities of its people and their devotion to the Catholic faith. In Southern Europe one is saddened, not by the loss of faith, — for, thank God, the people of the Southern parts of Europe still have the faith, — but because one does not find the open manifestations of it which one sees on every side in Germany. Once the traveler crosses the borderland into Germany, his heart is filled with joy all the time at the glorious evidences of the strong and splendid Catholic faith so characteristic of Germans. Everywhere the churches are crowded, not only with women, but with men, sturdy splendid manhood, teaching the whole world the value of Catholic organization, of Catholic unity.

Day after day, at the season of Corpus Christi, the churches were filled, and there were processions in the streets of men who were not afraid publicly to proclaim themselves Catholics.

We are all children of God, whether of the Southland or of the Northland, differing in many ways, but

[1] At the dedication of annex to St. Francis (German Catholic) School, Roxbury, November 30, 1913.

Catholic Germany, above all others, is teaching the whole world how to stand together for the faith; how to be united, how to sink petty things, provincial differences, and to battle successfully with the common foe. As Germans you should be proud of this; it is your glory. You are not affected by every wind that blows. After you have come to a decision in any matter you are not easily swayed from it. No better example of your sturdy, unwavering, united, effective Catholicism can be found anywhere than in your Central Verein which is doing such magnificent work for the Church.

We have God and truth with us, and we cannot fail if we only know how to fight. Germany is showing us and the world how to do this successfully for God and the right.

While I am always very happy to bless a church from whose altars radiate the countless blessings of God to humanity, it gives me almost as much satisfaction to bless a school which is almost on a par with a church in many ways; a sacred place made doubly sacred by the love and the sacrifice and the faith of the pastors, the sisters, the children, and of the devoted laity.

THE FAMILY AND THE HOME[1]

WILLIAM, of the title of St. Clement, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, O'Connell, by the grace of God and of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Boston, to the Reverend Clergy, and People of the Diocese, Health and Benediction.

Once again God brings us face to face with the mystery of Christmas. Once again our Holy Mother the Church summons us to go over to Bethlehem to see the wonder that has come to pass, and to ponder in our hearts the depth of its meaning.

We kneel again with the astonished shepherds before the humble manger, which the wisdom of God has made the throne of love from which His Son shall teach and rule the world. With adoring hearts we gaze upon the sweetness and tenderness of Infinite Love made visible in the Divine Babe, who to the appealing helplessness of infancy unites the power that sustains the world. With reverent admiration we look upon the rapt ecstasy of the Virgin Mother and the anxious solicitude of the protecting foster-father.

"O the depth of the riches of the wisdom of God!"

What king ever had such throne-room as a stable! Yet, to the stable of Bethlehem every year the human race makes pilgrimage, and at the feet of the Infant royalty lays down its scepter, genius its laurel wreath, every worshiper his heart. Though all the great and

[1] Pastoral Letter, Advent, 1913.

noble of the world accompany us, yet we are conscious of three figures only, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

Many and profound were the purposes which the Son of God had in coming to earth and taking our human nature. And surely one of the deepest, most touching, and far-reaching was that He might regenerate the Family and put it for all time on its right basis. His redeeming grace, won for all on Calvary, touches the individual soul directly, regenerates it, sanctifies it. But in the plan of God's Providence, the Family is the nursery in which the tender plants, given life and nourishment by God's grace, grow up into mature strength and beauty.

The Creator might have called into existence the race of men as He called into being the angelic hosts, — each individual possessing at the moment of creation the powers of perfect maturity. But He did not so will. In His infinite wisdom, knowing what was to be in the heart He was about to create, He gave so that what was tenderest, most lovable, and most holy would be developed and conserved through the institution of the Family, — father, mother, and child, — the earthly trio which in the distinctness of its personalities and the unity of its common life should be a beautiful, if remote, reflection of the Holy Trinity.

In like manner, the Son of God when He came to earth might be expected to form for Himself a perfect body in the full enjoyment of maturity, and to take that human form to Himself. But He did not choose so to do. He chose rather to become a babe; to take from the pure flesh of the Virgin Mother that precious Body that one day was to hang upon the Cross; and to draw from the reservoir of her immaculate heart the Blood that one day should pour itself out in a rich tide of Redemption. Who

does not see in this choice the infinite wisdom of God? And who does not see what the Incarnate Son of God would teach us by being born into a home, by growing up in a home, by submitting Himself to the restraints and laws of family life?

He would focus the attention of the world upon the Family. He would set up, for the imitation of all generations, the Perfect Family. He became a child, Himself, that He might sanctify childhood; that He might win for Himself the heart of every child and keep it holy; and that, ever remembering the Babe of Bethlehem, the Child of Egypt, the Boy of Nazareth, we might know that childhood is a most sacred state, that it belongs to God, that God watched over it with a divine jealousy, and that His wrath will strike all who make themselves a stumbling-block to it.

Christian fathers and mothers, study the pattern that is set up for you. The Son of God Himself has come to earth to teach you. The holiest, loveliest of earth's daughters, the sinless Virgin, the Immaculate Mother, He gives to Christian mothers, to inspire, sustain, and embolden them in the unwearying discharge of duties highly conceived and nobly performed even at the cost of constant sacrifice. He gives as an example to Christian fathers the purest, the most just and the most faithful of men, the foster-father, St. Joseph, found worthy to be entrusted with the guardianship of the two greatest treasures heaven and earth could furnish, — Jesus and Mary. Study them. Enter into their thoughts, emotions, plans, purposes. See the scrupulous care, the ceaseless watchfulness, the devotion which never counts the cost, with which they serve Him who is the obedient child under their roof at the same time that He is Master of the

Universe. They do not presume upon His Divinity and His consequent ability to care for Himself better than all created forces could serve Him to relax their watchfulness for one moment.

At the first threat of danger they take the Holy Child into a far country; they ask not a miracle that would spare them the fatigue, the unpleasantness, the inconveniences of the long and trying journey; they murmur not at the lengthy sojourn among strangers to their race and religion. They live only for the Child. Nothing in this world is of importance except as it is related to Him.

And the life at Nazareth! Who shall measure the reverent care, the sweet affection, the self-sacrificing love of the Virgin Mother, or the solicitude, the watchfulness, the fidelity of St. Joseph? Where was there ever happiness to compare with the happiness shut within the narrow walls of that humble dwelling, for where could there be holiness to compare with the holiness of that home?

The Home at Nazareth is the model for every Christian home. To you, too, Christian fathers and mothers, God has entrusted a priceless treasure, the product of His creative power, a child. This child, who through the expanse of eternity has been in the thought and love of the Creator, bears within him the likeness of the Creator; by adoption he is the child of God; he is the brother of Jesus Christ and co-heir with Him to an eternal kingdom in the heavens.

This treasure upon whom God has lavished His thought and love, for whom the Incarnate Son of God has poured out His precious blood, is given to you, but only that you may give him back to his Creator trained, developed, grown into that stage of spiritual perfection

where it may be truly said that Jesus Christ has been formed in him.

This is the true glory of parenthood; to give to their children a second birth, an entrance into that life of holiness which is modeled on the life of the Child Jesus. To achieve this great result will require the constant watchfulness, care, and coöperation of parents from the earliest days of the children entrusted to their keeping.

By a beautiful dispensation of Providence, the earliest years of the child belong exclusively to God and its parents. No unholy influence may touch that sacred period of life. It is at this time, when the parent is all in all to the child, that the great work of forming the child's soul to holiness and virtue must be commenced. The mother in particular, hovering over her little one like a guardian angel, must watch for the opening of the eyes of the mind, the first deliberate motions of the will, and from that dawn of rational life draw the awakening soul to the love and service of the Father who is in heaven.

The mother is the first, the most persuasive and the most effective, because the most loved, teacher. The child is all her own during the years when it is most docile, entirely trustful, and as easy to mould as wax. It is her high privilege, as it is her most solemn obligation, to put a deep and tender love of God, of Jesus and His Blessed Mother into the heart of her child before even it leaves the family sheepfold for the instruction of Church and school.

If she fail in this, she is guilty of a heinous crime against the soul of her own child. Under the pretense that the child is too young to understand religion, she has thrown away a priceless opportunity; she has allowed

the dewy morning of the soul's springtime to pass without sowing those seeds of virtue which would have had all the quicker and more fruitful growth because planted in a virgin soil, with no weed to choke or hostile influence to blight it.

The education of the child, which is its training for a full and useful life, begins in the home, and, until the school age is reached, is entirely what its parents make it. Parents are the divinely appointed teachers of their children. Upon them rests the responsibility for the proper development of the mind and the formation of the character of their offspring. They cannot shift this heavy responsibility to others. If they themselves are unable to give the training that will properly fit their children for their place in human society, they may delegate their authority to others who will teach in their stead, but even then they cannot divest themselves of the obligation of a personal supervision of their children.

Happy the parents who, when the day comes for sending their child out from the tender and watchful care of the home, may take the lamb of the flock to a religious school, taught by virgins who have consecrated their lives to God and the service of His little ones, and built upon the principle that the child is not only a prospective citizen of the State, but that he is, first, a child of God to be fitted for citizenship in the heavenly Jerusalem.

When the home, the school, and the Church unite to give to God His rightful place in the soul of the child, there is little danger that, grown to man's estate even in the stress of storm or amid the seductions of the world, he will forget the Creator whose ways, whose law, and whose service he was so solidly taught in the days of his youth.

How is it possible that any Catholic parent can hesitate for a moment to send his child to a Catholic school when such opportunity is open to him! And what are we to think of Catholic parents who, for a little fancied social prestige or worldly advantage, select schools for their children where there is positive danger to their faith, and where the whole atmosphere is prejudicial to Catholic ideals?

Even when the child has the advantage of being educated in a religious school, it remains the function of the home to give force and point to the lessons in virtue and religion learned in the class-room. There must be no contradiction between what the child learns in the school and what he sees in the home.

Let fathers and mothers strive with scrupulous care to reproduce in their own homes, so far as it is possible for them, the deep religious atmosphere of the Holy House at Nazareth. In every Catholic family let God have what is His strict right, the first place always. Let reverence for holy things and the spirit of prayer, let patience and gentleness, purity and sobriety, charity and sweet affection be the very air which your children shall breathe.

Growing up in such homes, with minds enlightened by a thorough knowledge of the teaching of the Church and with hearts purified and wills strengthened by the power of the sacraments, your children will fulfill the end of their being, and they will be your solace here and your crown in eternal life.

If such care is needed in the home, even when the child is surrounded with safeguards and the help which the religious school furnishes in such abundance, what multiplied solicitude, what unsleeping vigilance, what added personal work are not required when the child is de-

prived of the advantages of a religious education in the school, and when the task of his spiritual formation is thrown almost entirely on the parents!

The short hour in the Sunday school is altogether insufficient to give the child that grasp of the doctrines and principles of our holy religion that, later in life, will be proof against the temptations to unbelief or religious indifference.

The work of the Sunday school must be supplemented by the work of the parents; and if the parents feel themselves unequal to giving extended instruction on the teachings of the Church, let them at least be vigorous in requiring their children to study thoroughly at home the weekly catechism lesson; and let them form in their children from their earliest years the habit of regular reading of Catholic books and papers suited to their age and needs.

Let these parents remember that the formation of the mind on the lines of Catholic principles and doctrines is only a part of religious education: the heart of the child must be drawn to love God more and more, and his will strengthened to keep God's law ever more and more perfectly.

Catholic parents must strive all the more resolutely to put into the hearts of their children reverence for God's holy law and for all that pertains to Him, because irreverence towards holy things and contemptuous disregard of all authority, human and divine, are crying sins of our age and country.

The absence of the religious motive in the system of education generally prevailing in our country has resulted in the undermining of that respect for authority which is a necessary condition for the observance of law. Pa-

rental authority has been shattered to a degree that is alarming, until it may be said that in a large percentage of homes it is not the parents, but the children, who rule.

From disregard of parental rule to disregard of civil and divine law is a logical step. And underneath it all is one of the false principles of our times, that the individual is supreme, and that what the individual likes and wishes is, for him, the law of conduct.

If Catholic parents are to keep their children from being contaminated by false principles and corrupted by bad example, they must conscientiously watch over the reading, and above all over the associations, of their children.

Christian fathers and mothers, *Innocence* is the strongest armor for your children. Protect that at all costs. Like the angel with the flaming sword at the gate of Eden's Garden, you must stand at your threshold to keep far from it any influence which could stain the purity of the hearts of your children. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." Not minute knowledge of the evil and its consequences, but love of God and of that virtue which brings the soul near to God will carry them safely through the difficulties of the temptations of life.

Let them not walk with their eyes fixed upon the slime of earth, but as becomes the children of light, with their eyes raised to the heavens, where dwells the King whom they serve, who will one day be their reward.

And because such purity is the natural virtue of angels rather than of men, bring your children often to feed upon the Bread of Angels. "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come to me." Frequent Holy

Communion is the divine preservative which will keep your innocent lambs from the contamination of the world's corruption. He who was born of a Virgin Mother, who feedeth among the lilies, who out of the filth of a pagan world drew generations of chaste souls, knows how to inspire in the young heart a love of purity, and He has the power to keep it pure.

That you may encourage your children to frequent communion, Christian parents, first set the example yourselves. Give your children the example of sincere and earnest preparation for the Banquet of Divine Love. Let frequent Holy Communion be a family practice. Nothing will so surely or so quickly create in your homes the atmosphere of the Home of Nazareth.

Christian parents, recall to yourselves again and again the high vocation to which you are called. In a true sense, you are a "holy priesthood," for you are called to offer to God a chaste generation of souls.

If you are to fulfill that high office, you yourselves must be holy. You yourselves must set the example of every virtue which you wish to see shine in your children. Example is the most potent teacher. Virtue has its contagion as well as vice; and looking daily at the pattern of your lives, your children will unconsciously imitate you.

Be not discouraged by the difficulties or the length of your work. Remember that you will save your own souls if you save the souls of your children.

God will not be wanting. He who came to earth to set up the type of the Perfect Family is with us always in the tabernacle. Go to Him and He will give you power to make your home a nursery of virtue and a vestibule of heaven.

This, therefore, is the lesson of Christ to the Christian family at this blessed time of His coming as a babe in Bethlehem.

Let the fathers and mothers gather around the crib and learn there from Mary and Joseph their duty towards the little ones whom God has confided to their care and affection. Let them learn to make the home happy, cheerful, and holy, a place where the children hear and see only what is right and good, sane and healthful, — a place so much more beautiful and pleasant than any other in the world that they will love and enjoy it and preserve its memory while they live. Let them see to it that the children are within its sacred precincts early in the evening, and that they are taught that away from its protection danger lurks and sin stalks in the night.

So may the blessing of the Christ Child enter every home, making the family hearthstone an altar of Christian love and duty.

Given at Boston,
Feast of the Immaculate Conception,
December 8, 1913.

THE TRUE FAITH UNDYING [1]

This beautiful feast of the Holy Name of Jesus affords another opportunity to all our good Catholic men to prove to the world that the faith is as strong in their hearts and souls and minds as it was in their fathers' who died rather than betray it.

Every day in the year the Catholic is a Christian. Every Sunday in the year our churches are crowded to the doors, not once but many times, at several services, by earnest, fervent worshipers, and thousands upon thousands approach the altar to partake of the Holy Communion, which is at the same time the pledge of their love of God and the stimulus and support of their sincere faith.

But to-day we see a special demonstration of this spiritual activity in the wonderful outpouring of Christian manhood which gathers here, and in every community throughout the whole Diocese, to prove to the world that the Church still lives, that true faith never dies.

What a spectacle to behold, this vast cathedral thronged with the hosts of Christian men of every walk of life, of every nationality, of every avocation! This is the true democracy which the Christian faith alone can plant and nourish.

Look abroad and behold the contrast. The temples of other creeds are forsaken. Every day we see new proofs of a disintegration of sects and denominations once numerous and influential.

[1] To the Holy Name Societies of Boston, at Union services held at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Sunday afternoon, January 18, 1914.

A mere handful sits in the chilly churches which once housed flourishing congregations. Millions are growing up without even an intelligent knowledge of God, of Christ, of religion, of spiritual life. The press, the stage, the street are flooded with living proofs of a spiritual decadence which can bring only social and national ruin.

The play, the ball-room, the magazine, all give evidence of an ever-increasing disregard of even the rudiments of common decency of dress, of deportment, of conversation, and of conduct.

Little by little the bars have been lowered, letting out the few influences which held society in restraint, and letting in a flood of folly, of insatiate greed for amusement of any and every kind, until what a few years ago would have made a decent woman blush to see in others has become so common that even decent women now accept it as matter of fact for themselves and their daughters.

We need be neither prude nor Puritan to see and to realize that something is passing in the hearts and minds of the women of to-day which is leaving them hard and unwomanly, and that year by year this transformation goes on until, if it continues, there will be neither home, nor family, nor normal womanly nature left.

If this is the new woman, then God spare us from any further development of an abnormal creature! Certainly this is not the Catholic woman.

Thank God, the woman who is true to her faith is not easily influenced by these modern fads of a new paganism. She has her standards and she stands by them unchanged.

And what, in the last analysis, is the cause of all this moral degeneracy evident on all sides? It is simply the

natural result of the decay of even the external semblance of Christianity outside the Church.

For fifty years we have witnessed a battle royal against all those principles which held together what was left of Christianity among those who had deserted the true faith.

The preacher was derided, his sermons plucked to pieces, the Bible was dissected and torn page by page until nothing but the covers are now left. The rich controlled the pulpit, and the sermon did not attract the poor, and without the poor there never can be a church.

The minister was paid starvation wages to preach sermons which extolled the virtues of coal barons and steel kings and oil emperors. Even a royal salary cannot produce sincerity in a preacher.

No man could go on for long leaving out of his sermon the only thing his soul longed to say, that Christ came to bring justice to the suffering, and that riches are oftentimes the result of injustice to some one. So the poor deserted these temples of a cold, respectable creed, where the pews were owned by stockholders and the pulpit controlled by wealth.

Without sincerity in the pulpit and the poor in the pews there never has been, there never can be, any moral influence in any church. No wonder to-day churches are empty. No wonder the few sincere men, doubtless in good faith, who are struggling still to keep alive the little spark of Christianity left in their congregations are disheartened.

If the Bible is nothing but a bit of oriental poetry, if faith is only superstition, if, as again and again we have been told by some of the intellectuals, miracles and magic are all the same, and God is an electric current, then what wonder that the churches are empty, and what

wonder that men refuse to think any more of God, or of religion, or of moral law!

The leaders of this false and crude intellectualism have lost all that is best in life. They have killed the hearts in men, because they themselves have no hearts.

What do they know of real life, they who have never for a single day lived among the poor, the laborer, the struggling artisan; they whose whole existence has been spent among chemical formulas, or in the prim sedateness of a university board meeting, where an error in grammar is a mortal sin, and where a soft voice passes for conviction and principle!

Away with all this sham! How can men who know nothing of hearts, nothing of feeling, nothing of the trials of poverty and affliction, whose whole creed is a conceited notion of their own importance, and whose whole life is a sort of flawless cycle, know anything of real life, of real need, moral and spiritual? In fact, what can they know of real men?

If they would confine themselves to chemistry we should have some respect for their opinions. But when they invent a new religion each year — a thing which is as old as error and has nothing of religion in it — they simply make themselves ridiculous.

Men of the Holy Name need no Go-to-Church Sunday, and will have nothing of a new religion and its conceited inventions.

Let men find the old and only religion, the Christian faith which has answered to every need of every man in every age; let them find a sincere pulpit, a preacher who seeks to know the doctrine as Christ taught it; let him speak that in love and tenderness to the poor, the wayward, the struggling; let him look over the heads of

the merely respectable who have only selfishness for their creed; let him go to the homes of those who need to hear the consoling words of Christ and not the conceited invention of some professor of chemistry, and then the churches will be filled to overflowing as ours are, as this cathedral is to-day. Let all drop the fads and frills of a false social and moral standard of life and get down to the hearts of men and of things.

We are tired of theories which never solve anything and only breed confusion. The world is being talked to death with a new sociology, and a new religion, and a new system of pedagogy at the end of every public dinner.

Amid all this riot of talk who can really think? It is thought, not talk, that is most wanted and most needed. It is consideration of old and eternal truths, truths eternal and immutable, that will bring back to those even outside the true Church respect for Christian principles and Christian ideals.

So, men of the Holy Name, stand where you are, fixed and firm, bound heart and hand to the Cross of Christ. The so-called progress about you is only the whirling in a circle of minds which have lost the value of standards.

The Holy Name of Jesus, the Cross of Christ, the Voice of God sounding across the centuries ever the same are no changeful and variable signs; they are the stars of Heaven, fixed and shining, to lead you through life to eternity with God.

L'ITALIANO IN AMERICA[1]

Se la commemorazione di un qualsiasi evento è cagione di festeggiamenti e gioia, che cosa mai dovrà dirsi quando la commemorazione è giubilare e di un evento di tale importanza quale la fondazione di un tempio divino? Per venticinque anni voi, i vostri padri e le vostre madri avete onorato, glorificato ed adorato l' Altissimo ed eterno Iddio qui in questa chiesa, che benchè umile e semplice al suo inaugurarsi un quarto secolo fa, sviluppò e crebbe, sotto la vigilante direzione dei buoni e zelanti Padri della Congregazione di S. Carlo, finchè oggi noi ammiriamo questo splendido edifizio, degna abitazione dell' Infinito.

Ben a ragione potete voi ora gioire del vostro sviluppo, del vostro progresso, del vostro successo verificatosi durante questi pochi anni; per cui io mi congratulo con voi di cuore e me ne rallegro sinceramente. Ed è appunto per questa ragione che io provo oggi una contentezza indescrivibile di essere con voi ed in mezzo a voi partecipando alla vostra gioia, ai vostri festeggiamenti.

Miei cari amici, è vero purtroppo che in questa come in tutte le altre intraprese dove è richiesta l' opera umana, vi furono delle imperfezioni e degli errori in mezzo a tanto bene compiuto; errori che in qualche modo ritardarono lo sviluppo; ma che cosa sono essi ed a che cosa essi ammontano oggi quando noi consideriamo l' opera compiuta e condotta a tale successo? No, amici miei,

[1] Alla Chiesa del Sacro Cuore, North Square, nella commemorazione del 25mo anniversario della fondazione della chiesa, 25 Gennaio, 1914.

bando alla critica ed alle rimostrazioni, oggi è giorno di gioia e di festa . . . non si dia luogo a lamentazioni.

Ma nella esultanza di questa gloriosa festa non dobbiamo dimenticare la generosità e l' aiuto largito da tanti altri fratelli cattolici di altre nazionalità, che concorsero con voi a rendere possibile questa odierna celebrazione. La loro generosità e la loro cooperazione in ogni intrapresa intesa a beneficio vostro, fu ed è una prova irrefutabile della loro simpatia e del loro affetto per voi Italiani. Essi vollero e vogliono con dirvi che voi foste e siete i ben venuti in questa Terra; fratelli in Cristo ed uniti ad essi nella stessa Chiesa e nella stessa Fede. Quindi il nostro pensiero deve rivolgersi anche a questi nostri fratelli; e nella pienezza della gioia, e col cuore profondamente grato mandiamo loro un saluto coi più sentiti ringraziamenti per i loro favori.

Ed ora, figliuoli miei dilettissimi, non posso lasciare passare questa occasione senza richiamare la vostra attenzione ad un fatto di grandissima importanza, infatti della massima importanza; cioè il contributo che gl' Italiani devono portare a questo paese a cui voi avete il maggior diritto, ereditato dall' intrepido navigatore, vostro connazionale, Cristoforo Colombo. Questo paese pieno di risorse naturali ha raggiunto uno stato di tale sviluppo materiale, commerciale ed industriale, che, considerata la deficienza di tradizioni artistiche ed estetiche, dimostra la necessità assoluta di introdurre tale elemento estetico ed artistico nella vita della Nazione quale correttivo del materialismo esuberante. E voi, figli del Giardino dell' Europa, avete la missione ed il dovere di operare tale trasformazione, importando con voi il sentimento artistico, l' idealismo e la religione pura della vostra razza.

Ma, ahimè! io temo che un fenomeno strano si verifichi

in molti degli Italiani non appena sbarcati in questo suolo. Voi, popolo di alti ideali, di viva fede, di sentimenti artistici, pieni d' immaginazione e di bei sogni, invece di mantenere fortemente queste splendide e magnifiche caratteristiche della razza latina, pare che alcuni perdono la loro individualità e diventano al pari degli altri abitatori di questo continente troppo avidi delle cose materiali di questo mondo anche a scapito di ciò che di più nobile vi è nelle loro anime.

È vero, miei cari figli, che voi qui emigraste allo scopo di migliorare le vostre condizioni finanziarie, ed infatti voi non potevate scegliere un paese più acconcio che accordasse ed offrisse a tutti migliori opportunità per ottenere un tale risultato; ma perchè ingolfarsi nelle medesime a tal punto da perdere la visione di qualsiasi altro ideale? Perchè dare tutto il vostro tempo e tutte le vostre energie alle cose materiali, e dimenticare ed abbandonare perfino le cose più necessarie e più sacrosante alla vostra vita intellettuale e spirituale? Perchè diventare indifferenti a dir poco in materie di Fede e di Religione, — di quella Fede e di quella Religione che fu ed è la sorgente inesauribile ed ispiratrice dei maggiori capolavori, che trovano la loro sede principale nel bel Paese che Apennin parte e il Mar circonda e l' Alpe?

Perchè non seguite gli esempii dei vostri antenati dell' epoca d' oro delle gloriose repubbliche di Genova, Venezia, Firenze ed altre che, mentre prosperavano nelle industrie e nel commercio, innalzarono quei sontuosi Duomi e Cattedrali, tesori inestimabili di arte e monumenti imperituri della loro Fede e della loro devozione. Figliuoli miei dilettissimi, non dimenticate mai che la Fede di ieri è la Fede di oggi; che ciò che il nostro Redentore insegnò ed inculcò agli Ebrei circa duemila anni fa, insegna ed

inculca oggi per mezzo della sua divina sposa, la Chiesa, e dei suoi Sacerdoti. Chi ascolta voi, ascolta me.

Non dimenticate ciò che vi fu insegnato nella scuola di catechismo, e prima ancora ciò che apprendeste dalle labbra delle vostre madri, allorchè bambini sedeste sulle loro ginocchia; che il fine per cui noi fummo creati fu di servire Dio in questo mondo, per poi goderlo nell' altro, in altre parole: per salvare le nostre anime.

Ora che vi gioverebbe il guadagnare tutti i milioni di questo mondo, se in ciò facendo perdeste le anime vostre? Potrebbe ciò chiamarsi un vero successo? No, miei cari, questa sarebbe la peggiore delle catastrofi.

Il cielo e la terra passeranno, ma le mie parole non passeranno in eterno. Cercate in primo luogo la gloria di Dio e tutte le altre cose vi saranno date di più. Ora se questa è la parola e la promessa di un Dio, perchè non fidarsi in Lui?

Non già che voi dovreste abbandonare o soltanto diminuire la vostra attività e la vostra energia nei vostri affari e nelle vostre aziende; no, no, ma la stessa confidenza completa in Dio, l' attaccamento alla Chiesa sua, l' accostarvi di frequente ai Sacramenti e la preghiera vi daranno nuova lena, nuova forza e maggiore entusiasmo nelle medesime imprese; poiche l' assistenza del Datore di ogni bene è con voi.

Si, miei diletti figli, voi tutti, ne son certo, oggi farete un fermo proposito, e meglio ancora, in questa fausta ricorrenza del venticinquesimo anniversario della fondazione di questa Chiesa, voi rinnoverete la vostra risoluzione di essere sempre buoni e praticanti cattolici: di accostarvi di frequente ai santi Sacramenti: di dare tutta la vostra cooperazione ed assistenza a questi degnissimi Sacerdoti per la gloria di Dio e della Chiesa, —

in una parola di tornare alla Fede primitiva dei vostri Padri.

Ed a sanzione dei vostri proponimenti di tutto cuore v' imploro dall' Altissimo tutti i suoi celestiali favori, impartendo a tutti con affetto ed amore la mia Benedizione episcopale.

THE ITALIAN IN AMERICA

(TRANSLATION)

The commemoration of any important event is the occasion of celebration and rejoicing. How much truer is this when the commemoration marks the silver jubilee of an event of such importance as the founding of a temple for divine worship.

For twenty-five years you, your fathers, and your mothers have honored, glorified, and adored the eternal, the Most High God in this church. From the humble and simple beginnings of a quarter of a century ago this church has grown and developed under the vigilant care of the good fathers of the Congregation of St. Charles, so that to-day we worship God in this splendid edifice, a temple worthy of Him.

With good reason, then, you may rejoice in your development, in your progress, in your success of the years past; and I offer you my sincere congratulations and felicitations. I feel an indescribable pleasure in being with you to-day to participate in your joy and your celebration.

My dear friends, it is true, alas, that in all human enterprises there are imperfections and faults mingled with the good that is accomplished; faults that in some manner have retarded development; but what are these, and to what do they amount to-day, when we consider

the work crowned with such great success. My friends, we put aside criticism to-day, for to-day is a day of joy.

In the joy, however, of this glorious festival we must not forget the generosity and help given by our Catholic brethren of other nationalities, who have united with you to make possible this day's celebration. Their generosity and coöperation in every project undertaken for your benefit were and are irrefutable proof of their sympathy and affection for you Italians. They wish, and still desire, to show you that you were and are welcome in this land; that you are their brethren in Christ and united to them in the same Church and in the same faith. Hence our thoughts ought to turn, to-day, to these brethren of ours, and in the fullness of our joy, and with hearts deeply grateful, we send them our greetings with sincerest thanks for their favors.

And now, my dearly beloved children, I cannot let this occasion pass without recalling to your attention a fact of very great importance, indeed of the utmost importance, — the contribution which Italians must bring to this country to which they have a strong claim, inherited from the intrepid navigator, your countryman, Christopher Columbus.

This land, so full of natural resources, has reached a state of great material, commercial, and industrial development. But it lacks artistic and æsthetic traditions. There is absolute need of introducing such an æsthetic and artistic element into the life of this nation as a corrective of its ever-increasing materialism. And you, sons of the Garden of Europe, have the mission and the obligation of producing such a transformation by bringing with you the artistic feeling, the idealism, and the pure and simple religion of your race.

But, alas, I fear that a strange phenomenon shows itself in many Italians as soon as they land in this country. You are a people of high ideals, of living faith, of artistic sentiment, full of imagination and beautiful dreams, but instead of maintaining strongly these splendid characteristics of the Latin race, it seems that many of you lose your individuality and become, like the other inhabitants of this continent, avaricious of the material things of this world, even at the loss of that which is more noble in your souls.

It is true, my dear children, that you have emigrated in order to better your financial condition, and indeed you could not have chosen a country that offers better opportunity to this end. But why become so immersed in these as to lose sight of every other ideal? Why give all your time and energy to the material things and forget, and even forsake, the things most necessary and most sacred to your intellectual and spiritual life? Why become indifferent, to say the least, in matters of faith and religion, which was and is the inexhaustible source and inspiration of the greatest masterpieces that were produced in the beautiful country which "the Apennines divide and the sea and the Alps surround"?

Why do you not follow the example of your ancestors of the golden era of the glorious republics of Genoa, Venice, and Florence, who, while they were prosperous in industry and commerce, raised up magnificent churches and cathedrals, inestimable art treasures and imperishable monuments of their faith and devotion?

My dearly beloved children, never forget that the faith of yesterday is the faith of to-day. What our Saviour taught and inculcated on the Jews, two thousand years ago, that He teaches and inculcates to-day through His

divine spouse, the Church, and her priests. He who hears you, hears Me.

Do not forget what you were taught in your catechism, and, even before that, what you learned from the lips of your mothers while as little children you sat on their knees, — that the end for which you were created was to serve God in this world and to be happy with Him in the world to come. In other words, to save your souls.

What, then, will it profit you to gain all the millions of this world if in so doing you lose your souls? Could that be called true success? No, my friends, that would be the worst of catastrophes. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."[1] "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."[2] Since this is the word and the promise of God why should we not confide in Him? That does not mean that you should abandon or even diminish your activity and energy in your affairs and in your work. On the contrary, complete confidence in God, attachment to His Church, the frequent reception of the sacraments and prayer will give you new incentive, new strength, and greater enthusiasm in your business, because the assistance of the giver of all good things will be with you.

Yes, my dearly beloved children, you will all, I am sure, make a firm resolution to-day, or still better, in this recurrence of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of this church, you will renew your resolution to be always good, practical Catholics, to frequent the sacraments, to give your entire coöperation and assistance to your worthy priests for the glory of God and the Church, — in a word, to return to the faith of your fathers. And

[1] Matt. xxiv, 35. [2] Matt. vi, 33.

as an approval of your good resolutions, with a full heart I implore for you from the Almighty all His heavenly favors, imparting to you all with affection and love my episcopal benediction.

GENEROUS IMPULSES STILL LIVE[1]

It is a great privilege to have a share in such a great achievement as the campaign for St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Ten days ago you started out without a penny; to-day a great modern hospital is built and paid for. In a way, it is the most remarkable event in our history, not only in the fact, but in what the fact stands for and signifies. I need not go into details, I am sure you understand well what I mean.

When my predecessor started to build the cathedral some banks in Boston refused to lend him money. They may or may not have had other reasons or pretexts. But the reason assigned was a business one,—the financial assurances were not sufficient guarantee.

It took half a century to pay for that cathedral with the whole Diocese helping in the work. To-day bankers are only too eager to lend us all the money we need. They have found that the Catholic Church is a good investment. And to-day we do not have to wait for half a century to begin work. We do it in ten days. The hospital will have no expensive mortgage with its weight of interest about its neck. It begins its work of beneficent mercy untrammeled.

How was this great feat accomplished? First of all, by faith. Underlying all that you did, all your work, all

[1] At banquet at close of the successful campaign to raise the sum of $200,000 in aid of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Boston City Club, February 12, 1914.

your efforts, was that foundation. We have made no misrepresentations. From the start I exacted a clear statement. This was to be a Catholic hospital, and those asked to contribute must know just where we stood. There were no half terms. Straightforward and clear was the word from the beginning. You have worked on that basis, and this great institution is a monument not only of charity but of faith.

You have worked together, — no coteries, no divisions. Your organization was perfect, and the result is what you see. The various teams reacted each upon the other by increasing all around the sum total of activity and enthusiasm.

The press from the start gave us every possible assistance. We are amply grateful for it The clergy, doctors, lawyers, teachers, business men; Italians, Poles, Canadians; Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, all, all united in the great cause, and the results are simply overwhelming, not merely for the hospital, but for the community, for humanity.

God knows there is selfishness enough in the world. Even in this cause I have seen a few sad instances of it among our own rich people. Well, let us forget that poor spectacle and look at the wonderful picture of beneficence and generosity, which is a proof that men still have hearts and good, generous impulses, and all are happy to work and talk for and give to a great and good cause.

O'Connell once stood on the hill of Tara, and before a million gathered around him uttered the gratitude of his great heart for the aid and encouragement his people had given him in the great cause, which was not his, but theirs. To-night on Beacon Hill I send out to the million souls of the Diocese, and to the thousands who out

of the goodness of their hearts have united with us to "Help the Sick," the gratitude of my whole heart.

Upon you, dear men, upon all who by work or money have aided you, may the best and richest blessings of God descend and reward you a thousandfold in this life and in eternity.

LENT, THE TIME FOR THOUGHT[1]

It is a great pleasure, my dear ladies, to have this opportunity to speak to you, not as workers for some particular charity, but in a very much more important, though general way, as Catholic women; for everything you do, whether it be for the Guild of the Infant Saviour, or the Cecilian Guild, or for any other special work, is done by you as Catholic women. This, in itself, would carry us over too large a field, so I take advantage of the holy season of Lent to outline a few lessons which the Church presents to us at this time, and which especially affect Catholic women, for woman, whether she be wife or daughter or sister, forms the center of Catholic life.

The excellent work you are doing deserves the highest praise. The results have been splendid, and must be a reason for constant rejoicing. The amount of work accomplished has been noteworthy; it is little short of wonderful that so much has been done in so brief a period. The most important thing, however, is the spiritual work of your own salvation. That you must never lose sight of; it is the very essence of all Catholic work, for the first duty of each one is to save his soul. Your work for others will depend for its real efficiency on your own spiritual growth. If you strive to perfect yourself, God will take care of the rest, for it is His work, and it will grow.

There is among our people a great deal of apathy with regard to the external work of the Church. A vast

[1] To the League of Catholic Women, at the Church of St. Cecilia, Boston, March 9, 1914.

amount of work is yet to be done by our people, who should set an example for the world about us. Since becoming the head of this Diocese, I have been trying to make the people realize their responsibility to God and to the world.

Whatever we do in God's name bears fruit in its own time. The world always looks askance at our efforts, for it never has understood Catholics, and it never will understand us, because it does not want to. Our Blessed Lord Himself foretold that. By the world we mean those who are enemies to the spiritual law of Christ. Such people never will understand Christian principles and the Christian law of life, and hence we can never gain their praise. We must look to our conscience for approval.

I have always warned our people against the folly of seeking the approval of the world. But there are Catholics who still persist in that quest. We look on, sometimes, in amazement. We can understand how young girls beginning with a false view of life will try to enter society. Their heads are filled with silly notions and ideas, and they waste their time and energy trying to reconcile the false ideas of the world with Catholic teaching. It is a pitiful sight.

We stand apart from the world. God intended that we should. The ways of God and the ways of the world are entirely different. Let us not deceive ourselves by pretending to follow the teachings of the Church on one day in the week, or one month in the year, while for the rest of the year we mingle with the pagan world.

Standing aloof from the world, however, does not mean that we have to become eccentric and live by ourselves, for the Church uses common sense in her standards. It is in our ideals, in our standards, that we must not be of the

world. We must live for God. During this season of Lent let us go back to our standards. Perhaps we have lost sight of them. That would not be impossible, we are so busy, very often over nothing. This modern American life is such a whirl that it is not surprising if we find that we have lost our bearings.

The constant demands made on one's time and energies by social engagements bring about a very natural mental exhaustion and confusion. Prayers are said in some sort of a way; Mass attendance is still kept up; but there is not that attention and devotion which should characterize Catholic women. And naturally so; for the mind is engrossed in the things of this world, and the one important business of life, eternal salvation, is seldom given a passing thought. In fact, all serious thought is to-day neglected; there is no time for it, for it demands a certain amount of leisure and quiet. This neglect is due to the unnatural, artificial life that is characteristic of our day. Not so long ago society was based on naturalness; now it seems as if every one were pretending to be some one else. The spirit is contagious; most people do not have time to think.

Now Lent is purposely set apart to give time to think; to be in earnest. Use this period to think seriously. Think of God, read and meditate. Unless you read, you cannot think. Read the life of Christ. Read the Gospels. They are wonderful stories; they cannot fail to hold your attention and to make you think. And then meditate on whatever you read.

During Lent, then, we must get back to our standards. We must think more about the Catholic Christian laws. Then pray and go to Mass frequently. There you will be blessed by the Blessed Sacrament, the Body and Blood

of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Go to Benediction whenever you can and as often as you can.

My dear ladies, we have every Friday at the Cathedral a very beautiful devotion which I have had the pleasure of reëstablishing. Bishop Cheverus, a century ago, organized the Confraternity of the Holy Cross in the first Catholic church founded in Boston, which was dedicated to the Holy Cross. For a while the society dropped out of existence for some reason or other, no doubt a good one, but it has been reëstablished, and I wish I could tell you the consolation I receive from it. Every Friday the Cathedral is filled with devout worshipers. There is no luxury in their lives. They have their crosses to bear. I can see it in their faces. This devotion is their only solace.

During Lent, then, let it be one of our purposes to read and think and pray. All the world is going fast to decay. It rests with you, Catholic women, to stand by one another and uphold true dignity in the virtue of your Christian lives. The only thing that will help you to do this is your Catholic faith. Cherish it and guard it by every means in your power, and especially during the season of Lent. It will be to you the true source of fortitude.

THE POWER OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE [1]

THE world is talking of reform, of improving conditions, of the return to righteousness. Every one sees such need, nearly every one thinks he wants it. But one thing is certain, these things will never come either by legislation or by articles in the press. They can come in one way only, the way you have now trodden, by personal repentance and by personal moral straightening of standards. You have found the secret; show it to the world in your lives.

The memory of my visit to you a year ago has been fresh and vivid in my heart ever since, and the strength of consolation to me has been such a happiness that I have come again to-day to renew it. When a thousand strong men unite in the cause of God the very heavens are stirred.

The results of a retreat are simply incalculable. When the light of God's grace electrifies the vision, men at least see aright; they see in a manner which makes them feel that they never saw before. They behold a wonderful realization of what God is, what they are, what the world is, and when they realize these three things in their true proportions, God, themselves, and the world, they have indeed become wise men, with a wisdom beyond all human learning.

Self-knowledge is a tremendous power. The man who knows his weakness has already the key to strength. The

[1] Given at close of the retreat for men, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, Palm Sunday, April 5, 1914.

key, yes, but he must open God's tabernacle to receive it. That you have done, and the strength of the God who created the universe is at your disposal. If again you grow weak, it will only be because you have thrown away the key.

The world is calling for strong men. The only strong man is the good man. Only the man whose conscience is clear can face the world with its flattery, its pitfalls, and its fallacies unafraid. He will put the true value upon praise, and even calumny — bitter, cruel calumny, which is bitterest when you are most successful — will serve only to help you on your loyal way. Confident in your own integrity you can smile at the flings of jealousy and envy, and at the poisoned missiles of evil tongues.

You are wise to-day and strong. What are you going to do with your strength and wisdom? The years are passing, life is speeding rapidly by. The end is always much nearer than we dream. Use them for the only purpose worthy of them, use them for God, for His interests, His Church.

You have served the world in one position or another. What has the world given you? Money, perhaps honor, maybe popularity. How long will any of them give you real happiness? How long will any one be grateful for your services? Ah, you surely are not children. You know already that the only thing in the world worth having is peace of mind. Can money or power give that? Why, all the world knows that the one thing they surely do is to bring worry.

Peace of mind and heart, the power to lie down in peaceful sleep, untroubled by remorse, the power to rise in the morning with fresh energy for a new day's happiness in duty, this, after all, is the only thing worth hav-

ing in all the world; and the only thing that can and will surely give you that is the gift of faith and the practice of your holy religion.

You are Catholics. Be so in fidelity and loyalty. You know what a treasure house the holy Church is. Then be willing to stand guard in her loyal defense, when her enemies seek to weaken or destroy her. You know that the priesthood of Christ is of more than regal honor. Then reverence that sacred priesthood which alone is saving the world.

The Church wants sterling defenders, the State strong soldiers. To-day you have given your pledge to both. God will help you keep that solemn pledge and His might will protect and bless you.

This is Palm Sunday. To-day begins the great week which commemorates Christ's dreadful struggle against the evil powers of the world. In those awful days He fought alone, and one of the bitterest sufferings He underwent was that even those He loved would not stand by Him, would not even watch an hour with Him.

His Church has undergone the same passion many a time since. She is suffering now the bitterness of cruel attack on every side. Look around and see the cruel blows that are being laid upon her shoulders. Shall she, too, be allowed to suffer alone? Will you, too, cower and hide when her enemies revile her? Will you, too, sleep while she is sweating blood for you? She is used to the scourging from the vile hands of those who hate her. But you — you are her sons, she has nourished and fed you at her knee. And is there one here who is ingrate enough to slink away when she is pursued, when her sacred ministers are derided and her leaders marked and calumniated? Ah, no. God forbid! Slowly our men are

forming, slowly at first, but now quickly they are quivering with the holy eagerness to stand by her, to live for her, to fight for her by all the noble arms of love and faith.

I feel a new life running through every fiber of this Diocese. Faith and love are awake again, and the Church, at least here, will not suffer alone. Let us stand together around her altar; let us together work and pray and hope and fear not, fail not. In our mission is the security of God's cause and our beloved country's peace.

UN EREDITÀ APOSTOLICA[1]

Se fosse permesso di provare un giusto orgoglio per un' opera buona condotta felicemente a termine, noi tutti che abbiamo in vario modo contribuito al successo finale di quella che oggi qui ammiriamo, potremmo ben a ragione gloriarci.

L' erede di un grande tesoro ha la responsabilità di conservarlo come un sacro deposito, renderlo sicuro da ogni pericolo, affine di potere un giorno trasmetterlo ai proprii eredi in tutto il suo pregio e valore. Se questo è vero per ogni eredità, lo è doppiamente riguardo ad un tesoro, che per ogni titolo è il tesoro e la proprietà di Dio medesimo.

Fu con tali sentimenti che nella festa della Immacolata Concezione del 1911 io presi possesso di questa mia Chiesa titolare, di questo luogo, che tanti sacri tesori e tanti storici interessi rendono singolarmente prezioso. Ora siffatta eredità fu a me concessa dal glorioso Pontefice felicemente regnante perchè io gelosamente la conservassi.

Non è necessario ripetere qui ciò che il mondo religioso e scientifico ben conosce. Non è necessario trattenerci sul significato di ciò che contengono e ricuoprono queste sacre mura. Forse in Roma stessa non vi è un tempio più fecondo delle memorie di venti secoli. Quì, come dentro uno scrigno prezioso, sono raccolti gioielli d' immenso valore; quì son racchiuse memorie apostoliche, antichi mon-

[1] A San Clemente, Roma, nell' occasione dell' inaugurazione dell' Emissario, il 20 Maggio, 1914.

umenti cristiani, reliquie pagane, vestigia medioevali, e finalmente i moderni prodigi.

Qui forse più che altrove, vediamo coi nostri propri occhi la lotta degli Apostoli e dei loro immediati successori con il politeismo della Roma antica. A fianco a fianco, divise da un semplice muro, vi è la casa di Clemente dove Pietro e Paolo pregarono e predicarono, e dove meditò Clemente, discepolo di ambedue, e vi è la grotta dove il rito di Mitra con tutta la sua pestifera idolatria tentò di degradare quelli che erano stati redenti dalla Croce di Cristo. E nulla esprime maggiormente il trionfo di questa Croce che la Basilica Costantiniana eretta sopra quegli archi, che ci narrano la storia del conflitto tra Cristo e Mitra. E questo trionfo è espresso in pittura nel mirabile mosaico che sta sopra di noi, postovi dal Papa Pasquale nel duodecimo secolo, per commemorare il trionfo dei crociati nella conquista di Gerusalemme.

Mancherebbe ora il tempo per parlare, anche brevemente, della distruzione della Basilica nel secolo quarto, della dimenticanza in cui necessariamente caddero i più antichi edificii, e come pel corso di più secoli furono dimenticati e negletti, fino a che un illustre Priore di S. Clemente, il P. Mullooley, li ridonò alla religione ed alla scienza.

Il fuoco aveva distrutto la primitiva Basilica, e molto si dovette fare per ripristinarla; ora poi l' acqua minacciava di far peggio che non avessero fatto il saccheggio e la devastazione del Guiscardo.

Come poc' anzi ho detto, nel 1911 io prendevo possesso di un tesoro minacciato da inevitabile rovina. Assistere impassibile o non curante a tale minaccia, guardare imperturbabile il pericolo che sovrastava inesorabile alla causa di Dio, a quella della sua Chiesa, alla memoria dei

suoi santi Pontefici, non sarebbe stato altro che un delitto.

Io ero ben lungi dal pensare che sarebbe stato a me riservato il difficile compito di salvare questo sacro tempio, anzi queste triplici sacre mura. Ma la benedizione di Pio X, il continuo incoraggiamento del Suo Eminentissimo Segretario di Stato, lo zelo del P. Nolan, l' abilità dei signori ingegneri Leonori, il continuo entusiasmo del Comitato, e (mi si permetta dirlo apertamente), la generosità dei miei concittadini di Boston, trionfarono al fine di ogni difficoltà, e rimossero tutti quegli ostacoli che sembravano insormontabili per il successo di una grande opera, degna, come ebbe a dire lo stesso augusto Pontefice, di essere chiamata " una vera opera Romana," che ha salvato la Basilica di S. Clemente.

Abbiamo quindi buona ragione di rallegrarci, noi tutti discepoli ed ammiratori di S. Clemente. Possiamo aver fiducia che la sua insigne Basilica sia oggi sicura, e che cosi Iddio sia glorificato nei suoi santi.

Ora pertanto che, come tributo della nostra fede cristiana, abbiamo compiuto questa opera, fatta con riverenza ed amore per la gloria di Dio e l' onore del suo grande Pontefice S. Clemente, noi la poniamo con santa soddisfazione ai piedi del successore di Pietro e di Clemente, cioè del nostro amatissimo Padre Pio X.

Roma è sempre Roma. Le sue pietre parlano. E queste mura, questi pavimenti, queste colonne, questi tempii del passato canteranno, finchè il tempo sarà tempo, la gloriosa sinfonia di una sicura speranza nel trionfo della Chiesa Romana e nell' eterno Primato del Romano Pontefice.

AN APOSTOLIC INHERITANCE

(TRANSLATION)

If it be permitted to feel an honest pride in a good work completed, we all who have in various ways contributed to the ultimate success of this really great work may well rejoice.

The heir to a great treasure has the responsibility to guard sacredly his inheritance, to secure its safety against damage, to enlarge and embellish it if possible, so that he in turn may transmit to his heirs in fullest beauty and integrity what he himself has received from his predecessors. That is true of any inheritance, but it is doubly true of the treasure which by every title is in very truth God's property.

It was with such sentiments that on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1911, I took possession of my titular church, this genuine treasure house of sacred and historic interest, delivered into my keeping by our gloriously reigning Pontiff, Pius X.

No need here to rehearse what all the world of religion and science well knows. No need now to dwell upon the significance of what these sacred walls contain and cover. Perhaps not even in Rome is there a temple more teeming with the memories of twenty centuries, — this casket of jewels beyond price, wherein are enshrined apostolic memories, early Christian monuments, pagan relics, mediæval vestiges, and finally even modern appliances of light and drainage. Here, perhaps as nowhere else, we see with our very eyes the struggle of the Apostles and their immediate successors with the polytheism of ancient Rome. Side by side, divided by a wall only, is the

Dominicum of Clement, where Peter and Paul preached and prayed, and Clement the disciple of both taught, and the cave where the Mithraic rite with all its hideous idolatry attempted to degrade those whom the Cross of Christ had redeemed. And nothing is more expressive of the triumph of that cross than the Constantinian Basilica erected above the arches which tell the story of the conflict between Christ and Mithras. And that triumph is pictured in the wonderful mosaic above us, placed here by Pope Paschal in the twelfth century to commemorate the triumph of the Crusaders in the conquest of Jerusalem.

There is too little time to tell even briefly of the destruction of the fourth-century Basilica, the consequent oblivion into which the earliest monuments fell, and how for centuries they were forgotten and neglected, until a great prior of San Clemente, Father Mullooley, gave them back to religion and to science.

Fire had destroyed the first Basilica, and now after much had been done to redeem it, water threatened to do even worse than the sack and devastation of Guiscard had accomplished.

In 1911 I took possession of a treasure menaced with certain decay and destruction. To stand idly by and supinely to witness such a havoc wrought against the very cause of God, His Church, and the memory of one of its saintly Pontiffs were nothing short of criminal.

We little dreamed that so trying a task awaited us in our attempt to save this sacred temple; nay, these thrice sacred walls. But the blessing of Pius X, the constant encouragement of his Secretary of State, the zeal of Father Nolan, the skill of the Engineers Leonori, the unabated enthusiasm of the Committee, and only second

to the blessing of Pius X, let me here say, the generosity of my fellow citizens of Boston, finally surmounted all difficulties, and removed what at times seemed insurmountable obstacles to the final success of a great work, worthy, as Pius X himself has said, to be called "una vera opera Romana," which has saved San Clemente.

We have good reason to rejoice, disciples and lovers of San Clemente. We may now feel confident that San Clemente shall stand secure forever, and thus forever here God will be glorified in his saints.

As a tribute of our Christian faith we lay this completed task, done with reverence and love, for the glory of God and honor of his great Pontiff Saint Clement, at the feet of Peter and Clement's successor, our beloved Holy Father Pius X.

Rome is ever Rome. Its very stones speak, and these walls and pavements and columns and frescoed temples of the past will until time is no more chant the glorious symphony of a sure hope in the triumph of the Roman Church and the eternal primacy of the Roman Pontiff.

A GREAT AND SAINTLY PONTIFF[1]

THE death of our Holy Father, Pius X, is a loss to the whole world of one who was a friend and father to all humanity.

Born himself in the simplicity of country life, he never lost his sympathetic appreciation of the lot of his fellow men, nor his interest in their betterment and happiness. His great and generous heart beat in unison with the deep pulse of mankind, and his love for the people was so broad and universal that there was no corner of the world that did not claim his deepest interest, nor fail to share in the splendid fruits of his wise administration.

It may be said that His Holiness cherished a special predilection for the United States of America. The proper concept of liberty and justice, as realized and practiced in this country, in regard to the freedom of religion could not fail to elicit the warm admiration of a pontiff whose one great desire was to see the people untrammeled and free to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences.

America has lost a warm friend and strong champion in the death of Pius X. He often openly expressed his admiration for the laws of this country, and for the broad and sympathetic viewpoint of the nation's legislators.

In very truth, it may be said that he cherished for the Diocese of Boston an affection and love as though it were his own immediate diocese. He was familiar with every detail of the progress of this great Metropolitan See.

[1] A tribute to Pius X who died August 20, 1914.

He conferred world-wide honor upon this Diocese by elevating it to be one of the principalities of the Kingdom of Christ on earth.

It is now a matter of supreme comfort to realize that the Diocese of Boston was on many occasions the cause of consolation and happiness to the Holy Father in its manifestations of love and loyalty to the Holy See. He rejoiced in our successes and he was sympathetic in our trials.

A great and holy and saintly pontiff has passed to his reward. I commend his precious memory to the prayers of the clergy and people of the Diocese, and earnestly ask that, as Pius X loved and honored us during his life, so may we ever cherish in prayerful remembrance the love and sanctity of Pius X.

BENEDICT XV[1]

We have had a most remarkable voyage. With the exception of a week in Italy, we have been on the ocean since August 20, and during that time the weather has been very favorable for sea travel. We had an unusually large passenger list on our return trip, due to the terrible situation in Europe, and the officers of the boat did everything possible to make all comfortable under the conditions. Many of the passengers availed themselves of the permission to sleep on deck, and it was altogether a good-natured party, glad to be facing toward home at this time.

As the world now knows the Conclave resulted in the election to the Pontificate of Cardinal della Chiesa, who assumed the name of Benedict XV. Three of the American Cardinals arrived too late to participate in the election, Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Begin, and myself. The other two American Cardinals, Cardinal Farley of New York and Cardinal Cavalcanti of Rio de Janeiro, were able to be present by the merest chance; Cardinal Farley had been detained in Switzerland on account of the war and was able to reach Rome in time for the Conclave. The South American Cardinal was then nearing Gibraltar, on his way to Carlsbad, and thus managed to arrive in time.

The other American Cardinals arrived late by a few hours, and had the Conclave been postponed a day, as

[1] Interview given to reporters by the Cardinal on his return from Rome, September 24, 1914.

they expected, they would have been in time to take part in the election. The ancient regulation of beginning the Conclave on the tenth day after the death of the Pope was made when Cardinals did not reside at such a great distance from Rome as they do now, and undoubtedly a new regulation will be made in regard to the opening of the Conclave that will enable Cardinals to reach Rome in time to participate in future elections.

The choice of Cardinal della Chiesa to fill the highest religious post of honor and of jurisdiction in the world has already produced a most favorable impression, and it manifests the great wisdom and prudence that marked the deliberations of the Cardinals in Conclave. At this particular time there is great need of a young, vigorous pontiff with a deep knowledge of diplomatic experience in the affairs of Church and State.

Pope Benedict XV brings to the Papacy all these qualities in a marked degree. He is still a young man, with a keen intelligence and of a physical constitution capable of enduring great fatigue. He has always labored untiringly and scarcely gives himself the slightest relaxation from his work. His career has been marked with splendid and conspicuous success.

Trained in the College of Ecclesiastical Nobles, he distinguished himself in his first post in the nunciature of Madrid, where he worked under the eyes of the late Cardinal Rampolla, then Papal Nuncio to Spain. Later, when Cardinal Rampolla had been created Papal Secretary of State under Leo XIII, he remembered the tireless auditor at Madrid, and called him to Rome to occupy a most responsible position in that department of the secretariate of state that is mainly concerned with the diplomatic relations of the Holy See.

Here the young ecclesiastic spent most of his years, and the practical experience of affairs and the intimate knowledge of statesmen and churchmen he there acquired will now stand him in good stead.

Seven years ago he was appointed to fill a most important post in Italy as Archbishop of the historic Diocese of Bologna, and there began at once to show the fruits of a splendid mind and judgment. His position as Archbishop of Bologna enabled him to add to his training the practical experience of executive administration, and his marked success in all the important and delicate posts he has occupied promises a glorious and fruitful pontificate for Pope Bendict XV.

The present time is a most trying one in which to begin the arduous labors of Pontiff, and Pope Benedict XV will, at the very outset of his pontificate, be called on to face as serious and as difficult a problem as ever fell to the lot of a sovereign pontiff; but in his labors he will have the prayers and coöperation of all the Bishops, priests, and people throughout the world, and from no section of the world will greater support, deeper affection, and more lasting loyalty go up to our Holy Father than from the Bishop, priests, and people of our own beloved Diocese of Boston.

Nearly twenty years ago, when I occupied the post of rectorship of the American College in Rome, I knew the present Holy Father during those years when he was connected with the secretaryship of state, and then I saw his ceaseless activity and capacity for hard and important work.

On my arrival in Rome, just a bare hour or two after the Holy Father had been elected, I went immediately to the Vatican and sought out the new Pontiff to offer

him the homage and devotion of myself, the priests, and people of the Archdiocese of Boston. He was still in the small room that was allotted to him as his dwelling during the Conclave, surrounded by a number of friends.

As soon as my name was announced the small room was cleared, and the Holy Father fairly hurried to the door to embrace me and recalled at once our former and uninterrupted friendship. On three separate occasions during my short stay in Rome the Holy Father received me in private conference, and I was amazed at the wonderful qualities he displayed. His ready and quick grasp of affairs, his intimate knowledge of men and conditions, his gracious tact and courtly bearing, his manifest love and burning desire for the betterment and happiness of the people, his deep knowledge and simple faith impressed me in a marked degree, and promise a glorious reign for the Church and for the people throughout the world.

Pope Benedict XV showed great tact in dispensing with the ancient solemnity attending the coronation. The ceremony was held three days after his election, so as to enable the foreign Cardinals to leave for their homes. The coronation took place in the historic Sistine Chapel. It was a memorable occasion. There were Cardinals sitting side by side, many belonging to the very nations that at that moment were suffering the dire ravages of the present war, and although each Cardinal had his native flag waving confidently and proudly within his bosom, there was an exterior dignity and charity, such as only the Catholic Church can offer, a perfect brotherhood in faith, without surrendering in the least iota the fullest measure of a generous and self-sacrificing patriotism, each toward his native land.

And now, at last, we are home again in our own America, prouder still, if that were possible, of her liberty, of her founders, and of her institutions. May God bless our America, her rulers, and her people, and keep her ever prosperous and happy in the full possession of national honor and lasting peace.

THE TRUE BASIS OF PEACE[1]

Dearly Beloved Brethren, — Words cannot express my gratitude to Almighty God who has brought me, through many vicissitudes, back to my own country and to my own people. These latter times have been, indeed, historic days, full of sorrow and grief unutterable. An unspeakable and profound wound has been inflicted upon our hearts by the death of our dearly beloved Pius X, whom Almighty God has called to his eternal reward after a life of sacrifice and holiness.

All the world knows what a simple, saintly soul he was; and I venture to say that very few in all the world knew him as I did. His affection for me was not merely personal. He loved those whom I love, you people; he loved this Diocese. There are some wounds too deep ever to be healed. Such a wound was left by the decease of His Holiness, Pius X. His memory while we live we cannot forget.

But the Church must go on with her wonderful work for the world and for humanity. Almighty God has given us another leader in the person of Benedict XV. What a tremendous task he has to face in the exigencies of the day.

We cannot begin to describe the awful position of the peoples of Europe to-day. It is beyond the power of description. The horrors of war bring with them not merely the material sufferings of the soldiers, but inflict upon the households of nations, upon the poor, defenseless

[1] At the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, September 27, 1914.

women and children and the aged, terrible and untold suffering.

In war's train come deserted homes and ruined churches. The fertile fields of only a few months ago resplendent with the growing harvest are now covered with ghastly dead, and the rivers are flowing with blood. Oh, it is too much for words.

But out of these terrible things the providence of God often brings great blessings. People forget the horrors of war in times of peace, and instead of kneeling down and thanking Him for His goodness, they only become greedy and forget Him. Jealousy and anger creep in, and nations turn upon and tear one another apart. And when will the world ever learn better?

For nineteen centuries after the birth and death of Christ the Church has done her duty, and is doing it to-day in the face of all opposition. Three or four years ago, after returning from Europe, I spoke to you of my visit to the Peace Palace, and I told you that when the nations began to call the first peace congress to discuss means of keeping away the horrible clouds of war, the Holy Father reminded them that they might hold conferences, that they might gather people from the ends of the world, and build palaces of peace, but until they realized the law of Christ and the duty of one nation to another according to that law, until religion had its place in the government of men, they might meet and confer and discuss and build forever, but would never prevent the horrors of war.

Instead of listening to that word of God, and instead of welcoming that power to them, which after all is the only power in the world that can maintain and keep peace on a permanent basis, — the moral power of the Chris-

tian Church, — they closed their ranks and kept Him out.

With the tricks of diplomacy and conferences of hypocrisy they thought they could fool the world, but the world is not fooled to-day. The power of Christ alone can keep the equilibrium and balance the moral law, which is the only security of all mankind.

What is our duty now? As Catholics we must hold up the arms of our Holy Father, Benedict XV, in order that the world may learn what a power for peace is the Holy See. Let us pray for him, that God may give him strength for his tremendous task. Let us pray that the world may listen to his voice, the only one that can be raised up disinterestedly for the welfare of souls as well as for the welfare of bodies.

We must live and work for the eternal kingdom of God; we must love one another, for we are all God's children. These are the great lessons that the world is to learn. Now let us pray God that it will listen and learn.

Think of what a blessing to us it is, when all the rest of the earth is aflame, to be left in peace and security and happiness. Think what it means that, out of practically all the world, we are the only nation going on in its own usual happy way of prosperity and peace.

We must pray to God to bring peace to the rest of mankind. We must strive by every word of kindness. Let us not discriminate at this moment, but think of all those who are engaged in warfare as brothers. Let us long for the day when again we can forget the horrors of war and become true brothers of peace.

Now, brethren, I bring to you the blessing of our Holy Father. When you receive it ask Almighty God to bless

the Pope and preserve him and help him. He has need of God's help in this dreadful crisis, so that out of it there may come the proof to the world that the word of the Vicar of Christ is the true word of Christian peace.

LOYALTY TO FAITH[1]

This occasion, my dear young men, of coming to assist with the Reverend Fathers, the President, and the Faculty of Boston College and with you in this solemn opening of your year of studies, is one of the most gratifying moments of my whole year, one that I look forward to as a means of helping you, as an immense inspiration and help to me. The mere sight of a large body of earnest young men like this is one of the greatest incentives to further labor and greater zeal for the training of true Christian manhood in this Diocese.

God Himself must ever hold the first place in the training of young men. As we kneel at the feet of our Blessed Lord in the Holy Mass; as we prostrate ourselves before His Divine presence in the Blessed Sacrament, we feel that we are nearer to the only true source of wisdom; that in that close intimacy of faith and love our minds are more widely opened to the light of God's grace and knowledge, and at the same time our hearts are inflamed with greater love of truth.

We have no reflections to make on other methods and other systems; they must work themselves out. Our system is tried and proved. As with the great Catholic Faith, there are no experiments to make; it is based on the tried and true solid principles of life here and hereafter, and needs no new developments, except the development of our hearts and minds and character.

Beloved children of the Church, you begin your life

[1] At opening of the scholastic year of Boston College, October 6, 1914.

here in the college with the certainty that if you live up to the principles you are taught, you will make a success, for true success consists, not merely in the development of the mind, that you may understand better the principles of science and worldly knowledge, but rather in the building up of the highest possible Christian character. That, in fact, is the only success in life.

My beloved young men, you are at the beginning of what may be truly a wonderful life for each one of you. To every one here this morning, the spirit of God is speaking now in no easily mistaken accents. Your faith tells that here we have no lasting city; that all that you strive for is nothing but dust and ashes unless you keep before your eyes every day of your lives the principles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; that all you have is only something given to you so that you may place it at the feet of our Lord Jesus Christ, who lived and died that we may live forever. These principles must guide you in all your actions if you are to realize the destiny God has planned for each of you.

The day is not far off when the Catholic young man shall take the place for which his education and talents rightly fit him in this city and state. At present we cannot even picture in our imagination the possibilities of that future. For that day — and we are just as sure of it as we are that, though clouded for the moment, the sun is still in the heavens — we must fit you, if we are to do our duty to God, His Church, and the State.

In the training of young men for life the Society of Jesus makes no mistakes. There may be, and will be, and must be, individual failures, — our Lord himself has never promised even His own Church that there should be no individual failures, — but in the main they must

develop successful men; they must bring about true results, so long as they are faithful to their system, faithful to their model, which is none other than Jesus Christ Himself. They work with certainty, for they never fail to inculcate the two great attributes of our Blessed Lord, that blaze the way to success, even in a human way in this life, — His docility and His loyalty.

Christ's was a wonderful docility, as a child, as a boy, as a young man; His was most perfect obedience to those whom His Father had placed over Him. They were His creatures, His inferiors, but God the Father had in the plan of redemption desired that He should live His life as a youth, as a young man, subject to the authority of His foster father and of Mary, His mother. That for Him was enough. His was the most perfect docility, most perfect obedience, and, therefore, the model for perfect youth and young manhood.

When Christ came into man's estate He set about the work which His Father had given Him to do; He represented God the Father before the world by His example, by work and word. In this was shown another wonderful trait of character which He typified to every successful man, working not only for this world, but for the next, — absolute loyalty and devotion to the work which His Father had given Him to do. No matter where or at what time so long as it was His Father's work, He did it with perfect enthusiasm and fearlessness.

When the day comes that you must work out for yourselves your own lives, you must labor, with perfect fearlessness and willingness, to do all that God has set for you to do.

What we need now are Catholic men solid in their faith and religion, with whom nothing else counts. I

am well acquainted with the people of this city in all their various classes, social and commercial, and in their various walks of life. Many among them may not understand our principles; we would not understand them ourselves if we did not have the light of faith. While we understand their principles, for they have merely a human point of view, it is not easy for them to understand our principles of Divine Faith. But if you stand absolutely true to your principles, never bending to one side or the other, or compromising, they will admire you all the more. We respect them and their human principles so long as they allow us the liberty given to us by the State. We will respect them and like true Christians be one with them as far as possible. But your position must always be clearly understood by all of you. You have been trained to know what are the Divine principles of your faith. You must not barter or sell them, not for position nor in want, nor for political prestige or anything else.

We have, in this land of Puritans, men of excellent character, who may not understand or agree with our principles in faith. They are upright, as their business principles compel them to be; but they only honor you and respect you when you try to be what you know your Religion asks you to be. Your Religion commands you to be loyal, true, and faithful to her teachings and examples.

Now, dear President and Faculty, I can only beg the blessing of God upon the work you have undertaken. I cannot fail to note how zealously, and with what spirit of sacrifice, the work has been done and is being done by you. We only ask you to allow us to help you to stand with united front against the enemies of God and

His Church, and to be to these young men, whom we entrust to your charge for proper direction and training, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in every sense of the word. We know what examples your lives have always been to them. I look back myself and thank God that the early years of my student life were spent within these sacred walls and under your direction, and we know and are confident that if these young men are true to you and your system the blessing of God will be upon you and upon this place.

THE SPIRIT OF COÖPERATION[1]

It is a great happiness for me to be with you to-day. I cannot help telling you of my great satisfaction at the remarkable progress which has taken place in this parish since Father Merritt came to it five years ago. I wish by my presence here to show my admiration for the work that has been done. I would not have believed it possible to effect such a wonderful transformation in so short a time; it seems like the realization of a wonderful dream.

I remember the beginning of this parish twenty-five years ago, — how very unlike the prosperity of to-day. It is simply marvelous. I knew Father Merritt to be a man of zeal and energy; but as I saw him take one burden after another upon himself I feared that his bodily strength would be unable to stand the strain. It only shows what a man can do even with a frail body. This progress has been not only material but spiritual, as is evident from the children before me. This work has been done through the hearty coöperation of the people with the splendid efforts of your devoted pastor.

The Sisters are now in charge of the Christian education of your children. This is a service of great benefit, a benefit which you scarcely realize at the present. Only when these little ones are grown up and show the fruits

[1] The first address was given at the Church of St. Mary, in Winchester, October 10, 1914, after the Sacrament of Confirmation had been received by adults and children, and the second, on the same date (to the Society of the Holy Name), at the blessing of the corner-stone of the new school building.

of that early training will you be able to realize what your good pastor has done for you in establishing this school. I give my blessing to Father Merritt, to his assistants, and to all his good people.

The Society of the Holy Name is one of the greatest in the Church. Its rules are simple and it has few obligations, but they are genuine. It appeals to the true-hearted, strong men on the surface of the earth. I entreat you to be true to your obligations, few as they are, and to go to Communion at least once a month. Then love, honor, and reverence the name of Jesus Christ, leading others and members of your own family by this reverence. Never permit or use blasphemous or vulgar language, and by so doing bring down upon yourselves and your families the blessing of our Lord and Saviour.

TRUE PROSPERITY[1]

I AM delighted to behold such a large assemblage of loyal Catholics, manifesting their zeal in the work of erecting this new and glorious temple to God. You are dwellers in a prosperous city. Everywhere is the hum of industry,— a multiplication of mills and shops,— and in keeping with the growth of industry is a corresponding comfort and beauty in the homes of the community. Labor here is enjoying its fruits.

But if this were all, it would be nothing. Mere material prosperity is inadequate. Busy shops and fine houses and all the comforts of life do not satisfy. And that is why the Catholic people take such delight in building churches. It shows their sense of the real value of things, that over and above all else is the Church that stands for the things of the soul, the things of God.

And what a force for good you Catholics are in this, in any community! Yet are you really appreciated at your worth? The whole community should thank God for what you have given it in your loyalty to your high Catholic ideals. I wonder if you yourselves appreciate the blessings which God is showering down upon you? Contrast the peaceful scene here to-day with the horrors being enacted in Europe, and thank Almighty God for your undisturbed industry, for your calm homes, for the great blessing of practicing your religion in peace.

[1] At the laying of the corner-stone of St. Edward's Church, Montello, Brockton, October 11, 1914.

It is an interesting thing to watch the growth of a community. The erection of this truly beautiful church in this progressive city marks an epoch in its history. Of all the cities in the Diocese, Brockton holds a very conspicuous position.

Here we see the great blessings of labor and industry. Along with the growth of industrial conditions there are growing apace the homes. All these things represent the blessings of Almighty God.

It is a pity, but it is true, that we do not realize the blessings of God until they are taken away from us. The growth of industry is a blessing. It makes the people of a community happy and contented. But there must be something higher, for men are created for something other than toil. There must be a higher ideal than the mill or a commercial industry. Unless there is, discontent and disorder are soon manifest and the signs of prosperity fail.

True as it is that the home is the center of life, unless there is a higher and nobler influence that comes from God, unhappiness is the lot of the people.

There must be something more than material prosperity and the home; a center that all must look to for the continuity of these things. Such a center is this beautiful edifice. Here is represented the hope of future life, the guiding star of hope and happiness.

I congratulate Father Brannan and his people on their toil and sacrifices, experienced in planting the sign of spiritual life here. In this city the Catholic Church is doing a wonderful work for moral order. Is it appreciated? How long would order exist without the Church?

Look at Europe. It is not the loss of the homes and the mills that is tearing the hearts of the people so

much as it is the destruction of the beautiful churches raised by enormous sacrifices.

I cannot tell you the love and admiration I have for you, dear people, and the blessings that you bring to me. This building is a noble example to the whole world. Let this only stimulate us to greater efforts for God. I ask God to bless all, — this stone, this temple, the pastor and priests of this parish, and all Brockton.

THE SPIRIT OF UNITY[1]

THE renovation of this church in such an attractive and appropriate form is a matter of sincere congratulation to all, — pastor, priests, and people of this parish.

It is not enough to erect a structure. It must be cared for and from time to time, if necessary, remodeled, so that the splendor of the houses of God and the service of God may be properly and beautifully preserved, according to the growing needs of the people and the time. The love of the Church, its sanctuary, its altars, its shrines, is very close to the Christian's heart. It is a sacred place for him and his children. As we love God we love whatever refers to Him, — and His house is dearer to us even than our home.

Our good people are constantly showing how dear to them are the Church's interests by the sacrifices they so willingly make. Certainly nowhere is there greater proof of this than among the good Catholics of our Diocese.

Our Catholicity is giving ever new and inspiring proof of its strength in its splendid unity. The head of the Diocese, his priests, and people are bound together in a wonderful bond of confidence and affection, and the results are manifest in the amazing strength exhibited in united action.

Before the architect raises his superstructure he has made his foundations secure. We have, thank God, by

[1] At the dedication of the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Jamaica Plain, Sunday, November 1, 1914.

our mutual devotion and loyal affection between Bishop, priests, and people solidly placed our foundation, and upon this, with God's help, we shall raise an edifice which by its beauty of order, and the nobility of its splendid towers pointing to God, will be visible to the whole world as a glorious example to all who see it.

The years are passing quickly; let us work while there is light. Each one of us must do his share and do it well and nobly, and in such a way that when our part of the work is finished it may be a consolation to ourselves and an inspiration to those who shall come after us; that your children may in their day look back and say, "These were our ancestors in the faith; their works surviving them show us still the souls which animated them." Let us gird ourselves, and by our courage and loyalty show ourselves worthy of our fathers in God.

May the blessing of God, in whose name you are all laboring, be with you, pastor, priests, and people.

JUSTICE IN MEXICO[1]

To me this meeting of Federation is one of the most notable and most interesting of the whole year. It offers us an occasion to review what has been accomplished, and to reflect upon what we have yet to do.

There is nothing truer in the world than that the life of a Christian is a perpetual warfare, and this is no less true of the Church in general than of the Christian individually. Just so long as a Christian man holds firmly to his supernatural principles of life, so long, also, must he fight to maintain them and practice them; and similarly because the ways of God are not those of the world; nay, they are often utterly opposed to them. The Church which stands for God must forever be on the defensive against His enemies and the enemies of truth and right.

It is for this that the Church on earth is called the Church Militant. Her right of way is questioned every day; and those of her children who are faithful to her must each day be ready for battle, or ignominiously witness the defeat of her cause, which is the cause of God and Christendom.

Federation represents the fidelity and loyalty of Catholics to Christian principle. In its own way it represents the Church's stand for her legitimate rights in the community.

That those rights are constantly being assailed the whole world over is a fact too obvious to need anything more than a statement of it; and Federation, therefore,

[1] At meeting of the Diocesan Federation, Sunday, November 15, 1914.

as a regiment of the Church Militant, must be ever on guard and ever ready for loyal defense against all those, whatever their names or positions, who assail her lawful rights, or attempt to trample under foot the legitimate principles of truth and of Christian life.

Now, in this combat which daily confronts us, either by open opposition or secret conspiracy, the duty which faces us is that of soldierly courage and endurance. An active zeal and a patient endurance, these are the two qualities which Federation must cultivate, and which united produce the highest type of the soldier of Christ.

There are many who by temperament are eager and ready for a sudden dash for victory, yet not infrequently these are the very first to fall by the wayside through discouragement. Others there are who are all endurance, with little inclination to active effort or endeavor, and such men often make patience a cloak for indolence.

The Christian life, when properly understood and practiced, blends both ardor of action and patience under persecution into a wondrous unity, in which fervent, zealous action is tempered, guarded, and strengthened by calm endurance and patient fortitude.

I cannot too often repeat what I have so frequently said to you before, that you must not lose interest because you are not always called upon to display heroism. We are only at the beginning of our work, the greatest work that any Christian can be called upon to do, of defending our faith at any cost, and of demanding that our legitimate and lawful rights be respected in their fullness.

And in preparing for the defense and maintenance of that position there will be ample need of patient endurance, sometimes even more than of aggressive champion-

ship. Once more, let me counsel Federation to be calm in deliberation and prudent in counsel, so that when courageous action is necessary it will not be impeded by energy wasted.

The great double purpose for which Federation exists is the strengthening of our own faith and the enlightening of others concerning that faith.

Surely no one can help seeing the incalculable benefit which Federation has already brought to our own people by the discussion and study of great principles which at the various public meetings have been so ably and eloquently treated by Federation speakers. Nearly the whole gamut of Catholic public interest has been sounded in the splendid programme of the last three years. Catholic education, good literature, the press, the rights and duties of the Catholic citizen, Christian principles of labor, Socialism with its fallacies and pitfalls, the evils of divorce, these I take at random from the many most important subjects in a long catalogue of addresses. The general Catholic public has been moved as it never was before, the better to inform itself upon all these vital topics of Catholic life and duty.

The Sunday evening Federation meeting, with its large gatherings of devoted men and women all over the Diocese, has splendidly supplemented the Sunday morning Mass and sermon, so that I venture to say that the people of the Diocese, either by assisting at the meetings themselves or by the perusal of the reports of them week after week in the diocesan press, have an immeasurably better understanding of their true position to-day than ever before. And as for practical results, the danger of Socialism to our people has gone, — let us hope forever, — and the Catholic press can find little cause for complaint in the

lack of interest and subscribers which only a few years ago presented an almost hopeless case.

There are many wonderful spiritual agencies at work in this Diocese which account for its singular spiritual prosperity and vitality, but among the very first of them all I do not hesitate to place that splendid galaxy of noble men who, since the inception of Federation, have given unstintingly of their time, their ability, and energy.

Federation, therefore, is well accomplishing the first of its purposes, — the informing, enlightening, and moulding of the public character of our own people with regard to the principles of their faith and their civic duty. There remains the second purpose, namely, the wider enlightenment of the public at large, not of our faith, in regard to what we stand for in the State and the nation.

One of the greatest mysteries of to-day is the absolute ignorance of the Catholic position as it is revealed in the attitude and public utterances of cultivated non-Catholics. It is simply staggering to attempt to understand how in the twentieth century the civic position of Catholics can still be so utterly misconceived or misrepresented (for we must inevitably accept the dilemma that either these men, otherwise well educated, completely misunderstand us, or, what is worse, unscrupulously misrepresent us) that we are literally driven by their utterances and their actions either to pity their ignorance or to despise their knavery.

That three hundred years ago kings, rulers, generals, and chieftains engaged in political warfare deliberately coined the falsehoods which served their own purposes, and helped to vanquish opponents differing from them in creed, is a fact that any one who knows even a little history can well understand ; but that those calumnies, so

frequently exposed even by partisan historians, should be brought from the past and made to do for a political faction the work of racial and religious bigotry by men who must know better, is a constant source of amazement.

Were such means and methods not so detrimental to the peace and justice of millions of high-minded, honest, hard-working, loyal American citizens they would be too childish to notice. Catholics no longer live in the catacombs or in the bowels of the earth. They are face to face, and shoulder to shoulder, with all other men. They are faithful servants everywhere. They are diligent employees, earning their honest wage and multiplying the riches of their employers. They are in the courts of justice, the schools of medicine, the market, and the offices of state and nation; in each and all of these avocations there is ample opportunity freely to study their lives, their actions, and their innermost purposes.

They will be found, as everything human is found, to have splendid qualities side by side with imperfections; but they are no bonded secret societies which meet in the dark for unholy purposes. Their actions are all in the broad daylight, so that whoever runs may read; and yet, oh, mystery of mysteries! again and again, but most of all at election time, we are deluged with the vilest literature, and the basest and most scurrilous of pamphlets, warning the public against insidious uprisings and baneful conspiracies.

Not once, but hundreds of times, the highest representatives of the Church in this country have repeated, until we are tired of saying it, that we are proud of the perfect liberty of the Church here, and that we thank God heartily that we need no Concordat to guarantee the religious freedom which is our constitutional inheritance.

And yet, for the last six months, we have beheld the pitiable spectacle of reputedly respectable citizens deliberately attempting to deceive their followers and their constituents by what we cannot consider to be other than the constant repetition of a vicious misrepresentation of the whole Catholic body.

Again I repeat we are driven to the dilemma of wondering whether we ought to pity their childish ignorance or despise their contemptible knavery. We cannot believe that such methods will long avail, or that those who momentarily profit by them will not, in the end, receive the discredit that they so richly merit.

Not once, but many times, it has happened that such unworthy actions have brought results far from those expected. There are many converts in the Church to-day who owe their present faith to the fact that they discovered for themselves, in due time, the falsity of the slanders which were intended to embitter them against her. And it is our solemn duty to God and country, as members of the Federation, to help all men of good faith and good will to know the Church as she really is, and to free their minds and their hearts from the deception into which her enemies have led them.

Stand firm in your own faith and, loving the Church as the spouse of Christ, make her known to all who care to know the truth of everything. There is no doubt that misunderstandings among nations are the fruitful causes of many cruel wars, and blessed is that peacemaker who reveals the nations each to the other as they really are, and not as their enemies paint them. So, too, will Federation be a blessed peacemaker if by publishing Catholic truth to all the land it helps to unite all her citizens in a blessed unity which labors for justice and happiness to all.

Finally, let me point out that Federation has done great service in bringing to the attention of our government the conduct of the present leaders of the disgraceful anarchy in Mexico, and the Administration has at last done something to insure the safety of our priests and nuns from the brutal rapacity and barbarism of those savages who for more than a year past have conclusively proved their absolute unfitness to govern.

But the good work is far from finished. Every Catholic should rise up and protest with all the legitimate power in his possession against the recognition of any government in Mexico, or anywhere else on this continent, which does not guarantee perfect freedom of religion as it is understood by the citizens of this nation.

We are hearing much these days about peace and freedom. Let us first of all see to it that at our very doors the peace of conscience and the freedom of religion, the sources and foundations of all real peace and freedom, are not violated by men who might well be brought before the tribunal of the common law of humanity, instead of aspiring to the presidency of a sister republic and our nearest neighbor. Our Catholic men will not rest until the truth is made known as it is, and not as it is reported by those who have proved themselves publicly and privately incapable of being considered trustworthy agents of this government.

And when the truth is known, then all the world will realize that, for the sake of our public honor as a nation, we must put an end to the Masonic conspiracy which has for two years deluged Mexico with blood, drained the material resources of that country, and spread atheism and anarchy over a land once happy and industrious.

Let us tolerate no further even a suspicion of what

has been more than once openly asserted, that the leaders of this anarchy are receiving underhand support from this country; but let our Catholic men continue to investigate the truth of conditions, and then stand for that truth in all their might until every word and every sentence of its revelation are heard at Washington.

We, as Catholics, have done, and are doing, more than any other people to preserve this country from the growth of those anarchistic principles which only a few years ago, until we faced the situation, threatened to engulf the nation.

We have borne the full brunt of the battle, and have received scant gratitude from those who even in their own interests should be thankful.

But we will not tolerate the suspicion that, while we are laboring here to rid the land of anarchy and its allied forces, men whose business and property we have saved for them by our labor should sow those very seeds upon the fruitful soil of Mexico, content to be protected by the fidelity of Catholics here while they undermine the faith of the people there.

That is the work which faces every Catholic man in this country to-day. Let Federation lead the way, and America and Mexico will one day owe it a great debt of gratitude.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION[1]

YOUR pastor has told you ably and well the story of the devotion of this parish to the ideals of Christian education, and it is because in good report and in evil report you have been faithful to this fundamental principle of Catholic life and duty that I come here to-day to give to you the honor which is your due — of faithful and sturdy fidelity to the parish school.

In one sense it seems strange to single out for special honor any one parish for loyalty to a principle so fundamental and universal in its obligation as this one of Christian education.

It seems singular indeed, now when no Catholic would dream of questioning this duty, to remember that only a few years ago there should have been such general apathy, if not passive opposition, to what every one understands to-day to be one of our most primary and fundamental obligations to the faith.

How such an abnormal and irregular condition ever could have come about here I confess remains somewhat of a mystery to me.

When our Blessed Lord commanded His Church for all time to preach the Gospel to every creature, and that naturally as a fundamental work of those who as successors of the Apostles were to guide the Church, surely He meant first of all the children. How it ever got into the heads or hearts of those responsible for the progress

[1] At the dedication of a new school in St. Mary's parish, Cambridge, Sunday, December 27, 1914.

of the Church in this country that in the general duty of education the Christian education of the Catholic child in a Catholic school was to be overlooked or neglected, or to be treated as a secondary consideration, must be to all of us an inscrutable mystery.

That from the death of Bishop Fenwick this apathy was apparent until a strong word from Rome and the solemn warning of a plenary council stirred up much retarded activity in this most sacred obligation, and this only a few years ago, is a simple fact of present-day history. And the reason I am here to-day to do honor to St. Mary's parish is because in the midst of this indifference, and indeed what can only be properly chronicled as armed neutrality, the priests and people of this church were, with a few other notable exceptions, the only ones who seemed to realize this fundamental obligation, and to hold loyally to it, with little to encourage and much to discourage their fidelity.

The condition seems all the more strange inasmuch as this Diocese had for some years a vigorous and hopeful start in this glorious path, and why it apparently lapsed some one must some day narrate.

In the beginning, under its first Bishop, the little band of Catholics had all they could do to provide a few humble places of worship amid a population hostile and bigoted.

But when to Boston was given as Bishop a truly intellectual giant, a man great of mind and fearless in courage, in the person of Benedict Fenwick, it was only natural to find the conditions of strange timidity and apologetic reserve bloom out openly into sturdy, sterling, and conspicuous evidence of virility and hopefulness.

The Catholics had hitherto been accustomed to lurk

timidly in a corner. This was no way either to inspire them with courageous manliness or fearless loyalty, neither was it ever calculated to inspire their hostile neighbors with a salutary respect for their position as Christians or citizens.

Bishop Fenwick was surely the man, not only for the time, but for all time. He has until the present never received even a small share of the fame and glory absolutely due him as head of this Diocese, as a true leader in intelligence, statesmanship, Catholic conviction, and Christian fortitude. To my mind, and I am sure history endorses my position fully and emphatically, he was, by great odds, the ablest and noblest chief this Diocese has ever had.

He knew full well that unless his flock took on its measure of self-respect by standing openly and fearlessly for its fundamental principles it could never expect to be either respected or understood by the Puritan enemies who surrounded it with anything but sympathetic barriers.

He realized, great educator that he was, that his people could never expect to be either strong or firm, valiant in the faith, unless in early childhood and all through the years of youth they learned side by side with secular learning the great principles and virtues of Catholic life and action. And so he gave himself heart and soul to the founding and nurturing of Catholic schools, academies, and colleges.

With meager means, but with the spirit of an intelligent and fearless apostleship, he began and carried on his work all his life.

In a few years miracles were wrought. The famous Convent of the Ursulines in Charlestown, the Holy Cross College in Worcester, an academy in Damariscotta, a

colony with its school in Benedicta, Maine, — but first of all naturally his own parish school in the basement of his Cathedral, — these were a few of the really great things, gigantic considering the means at his disposal and the hostile spirit of the time, accomplished by a man to whom unjust opposition and bigoted obstruction offered only greater stimulus, never discouragement.

When he went to his reward he could well say that he had planted well the sacred seed. Surely great fruits must come from it. He certainly had done his share nobly and well. But, alas, it really seems, looking over the history of the time following his régime, that when Bishop Fenwick died the idea of the necessity of the parish school and of Christian education went to sleep and lay dormant for many years, until it literally required a strong word from Rome and the solemn warning of a plenary council to stir from their apathy and their indifference what might appropriately be called armed neutrality, those who might well have continued what had been so well and so nobly begun.

In the midst of that apathy, and even opposition, the pastor and people of St. Mary's stood firm for their parish school, their Catholic training and education, while all that was visible about was far from encouraging. And that to-day is your glory.

If the opposition of our enemies is to be taken as an excuse for lack of effort by those responsible for her progress, then when will the Church ever progress? If the encomium of the world is what the guardians of her destiny seek, and if they let a great cause practically die for very fear of displeasing their unbelieving neighbors, then good-bye forever to all activity in the life of the Church.

That was not the spirit of Fenwick, thank God, who knew his history and his duty too well to wait for the approval of an unbelieving and material world before entering upon God's business. When did such a world ever approve the Church, or her interests, or her obligations ?

The Church is the light of the world, — it must not wait for the decisions of the world in the affairs of eternal salvation. It must lead public opinion, not follow it, in those fundamental principles which depend not upon popular pleasure but upon divine authority.

So, thank God, there was a Fenwick fearlessly to plant here the banner of Christian education, — and thank God there were at least a few parishes like this to keep that banner waving.

Fenwick made us pioneers of the great boon of Catholic education, and had there been more with his spirit so well exemplified in the history of the parish, we should have been not pioneers only, but leaders of the whole movement throughout the Church in America.

A GOOD CATHOLIC[1]

I DO not consider it inconsistent with the simplicity desired by the family in the last rites to the memory of the man whose earthly remains lie before us to say a few words of his life and good works.

In his life he was a good citizen, a good father, and a good Catholic. That he was a good citizen is shown by the universal respect in which he was held by the whole community. He prepared his children to be good citizens by giving them a Catholic education, knowing that in no better way could they be prepared to fulfill the obligations and bear the responsibilities of citizenship.

As a father, he gave his children the best he could secure for them. At a time when Catholic education had not the perfection and prestige it now enjoys, when he might have gained some doubtful advantages by sending his sons to non-Catholic or non-sectarian institutions of learning, he overlooked every mere personal and temporal consideration in the consuming desire to give them a truly Catholic education and training.

As a Catholic, he was a model of goodness in his personal life. He gave freely of his talents, his time, and his energies — though he was always a busy man — to the work of instructing in the Catholic faith those children whose parents were less able to impart such knowledge.

To his children he leaves a noble tradition of fidelity

[1] Eulogy at funeral of William S. Pelletier at the Church of St. Cecilia, Boston, December 30, 1914.

to God, to country, and to family. So long as the name of Pelletier is heard in Boston so long shall the memory of this good man and his work be treasured as a precious heritage.

PEACE PRAYER[1]

Almighty Lord God, Eternal Father, we adore Thy Supreme Majesty and thank Thee for all Thy gracious goodness. We pledge our constant fidelity to Thy sacred commandments and laws. Here in Thy Holy Temple, before Thy Divine Presence, we vow eternal and unflinching faith and loyalty to Thy Holy Church, our thrice Blessed Mother and guide.

When she speaks we shall recognize Thy voice. Her honor shall be our honor, her welfare shall be our glory.

Bless, O Lord, our country, — keep it in righteousness, order, and prosperity.

Banish from the hearts of all men the spirit of hate and discord, and give peace to all the world.

Bless our Supreme Pontiff, Thy Vicar, our Archbishop, our Pastors, our families, and ourselves, and may the Holy Name of Thy Divine Son, Jesus, be praised and glorified forever. Amen.

[1] At meeting of the Holy Name Society at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, Sunday afternoon, January 3, 1915.

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